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ENDING
JAN. 9, 1932

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Liberty

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ACHMED GEORGE SYLVESTER PAUL ROSITA FRANKLIN D.
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DO YOU HAVE THIS UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM?



Action of Normal Intestine

Arrows show how the peristaltic muscles knead and churn constantly to eliminate waste matter. When action is delayed, Ex-Lax simply gives Nature a gentle nudge and proper function is resumed.



Beware of Violent Cathartics!

Chronic constipation distends the intestines as shown above, causing loss of muscle "tone." Repeated abuse with violent cathartics may further impair the action of these muscles, thus often doing more harm than good.

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Many persons have robbed these all-important muscles of their *natural* action by using violent laxatives.

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L12

Keep "regular"

EX-LAX
the chocolated laxative

Do something for your "mouth-happiness"

**SMOKE SPUDS... IN THE
"HARD-TO-PLEASE" SPOTS**



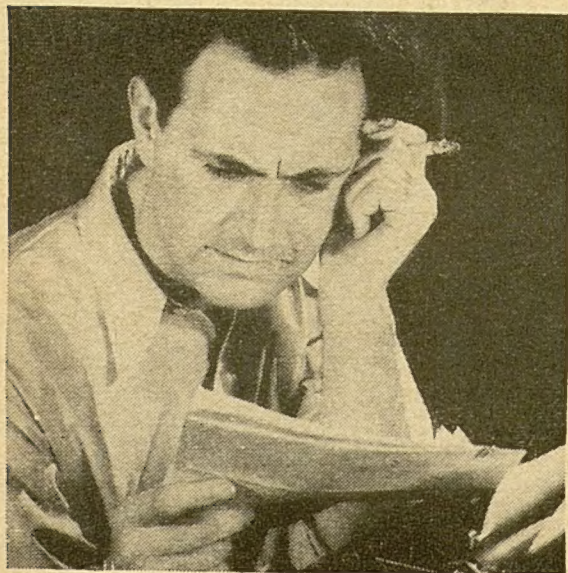
Before breakfast... That first-of-the-day cigarette. Try Spud! Tastes clean when clean taste counts! Starts you cool, mouth-happy!



Lunch time... Hurried sandwich or leisurely luncheon... Spuds top them off to perfection. Clean taste at any eat-spot means mouth-happiness.



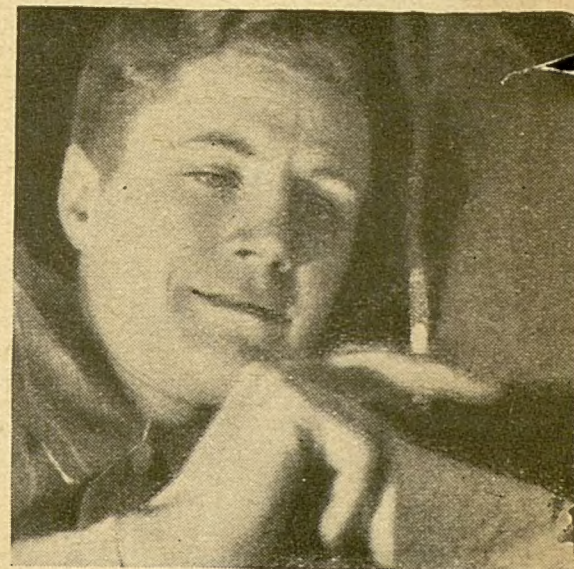
Conference... Thinking... talking... listening. You don't realize how much you smoke. Another spot for moist-cool, clean-tasting Spud.



Night work... It comes easier behind a fragrant smoke-screen. Another place to smoke Spud. Spud brings mouth-happiness instead of sourness.



Bridge game... What to play and how to play? Pause and puzzle. Still another spot for Spud. Full tobacco flavor... moist-cool, comfortably-clean



And so, to bed... A peaceful cigarette just before "lights out." Spud, again. The grand, new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.



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JAN. 9,
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*"That this nation, under God, shall have a new
birth of freedom, and that government of the people,
by the people, for the people, shall not perish from
the earth."*
—Abraham Lincoln.

MASS MEETINGS TO SAVE US FROM THROTTLING TAXES

Since the war the Federal Government officials have been running wild in their expenditures. They have been spending money like a horde of drunken sailors. During and following the world conflict they handed out millions of dollars with the reckless abandon with which we would pass out five-cent pieces.

And now the day of reckoning has come.

The debt must be paid!

And the average legislator knows only one way of raising more money, and that is to increase the taxes as recorded on the present schedule.

Business has been taxed almost beyond endurance for some time, and business is now to be throttled for years to come for the purpose of paying these wanton expenditures that have been indulged in by the Federal Government. Everybody is to be taxed except the bootleggers and other favored industries.

It is an outrage to think that the honest citizens of this country must dig down in their pockets and pay out their hard-earned money while the liquor racketeers roll in their ill-gotten wealth.

There is only one thing that Congress will listen to, and that is a universal demand from their

constituents. The larger part of the two billions or more that will have to be added to our taxes could be raised from the liquor industry. If the bootleggers' profits could be confiscated, or if this idiotic prohibition law could be repealed, there would be no need for our paying more taxes.

At the present time we are paying huge sums of money, millions upon millions, to enforce the law that every intelligent citizen of this country knows cannot be enforced. It is being rumored everywhere at this time that the prohibition workers are securing their principal support from the bootleggers. It is even being rumored that some of the dry legislators are being paid huge sums of money to continue to vote dry.

Whether or not there is any truth in these sensational charges, something should be done to stop the monumental waste that still continues in our Federal Government, and to place the tax that must be levied where it will not restrict and hamper legitimate business.

The present situation calls for drastic action. The people of this country should rise as a unit and demand definite reforms, the levying of taxes upon the liquor interests.

Whether or not the prohibition law is annulled, if the bootleggers' profits are taxed or confiscated, increased taxes may not be required.

If there is one atom of the old-time American spirit left in this country, this situation ought to stir us into action.

Call a mass meeting in your town. Arouse the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotarians, and the Kiwanis Club. Make them help to rouse the people into making a demand for Congressional action.

Ask your local newspaper to awaken to this truly serious emergency which we are all facing.

Pass a resolution at every one of these meetings, and send it to your senator and congressman. Make a demand for a procedure of some sort that will squeeze the money for extra taxation out of the liquor industry. How it is done is not so important.

But it must be done!

If we stand by and watch this robbery of the people, this wholesale increase of taxes, merely because the country has to support a lot of racketeering whisky dealers, we have lost all of our old-time American spirit.

We are just a lot of dumb brutes—saying nothing, doing nothing, while our pockets are being picked.

Our hard-earned wealth is being slowly dissipated, wrung from us, because of our unwillingness to make a spirited and determined demand for a tax adjustment where it properly belongs—to the bootlegging industry, either with or without the annulment of the Volstead Act.

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Sally—the sophisticate



Joe—the protector



Eve—the heroine

Beginning a

New Novel of Reno

SIX WEEKS

*An Interlude in Marriage Among the
Second-Guessing Thrill Hunters*

By LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by JAY BARNUM

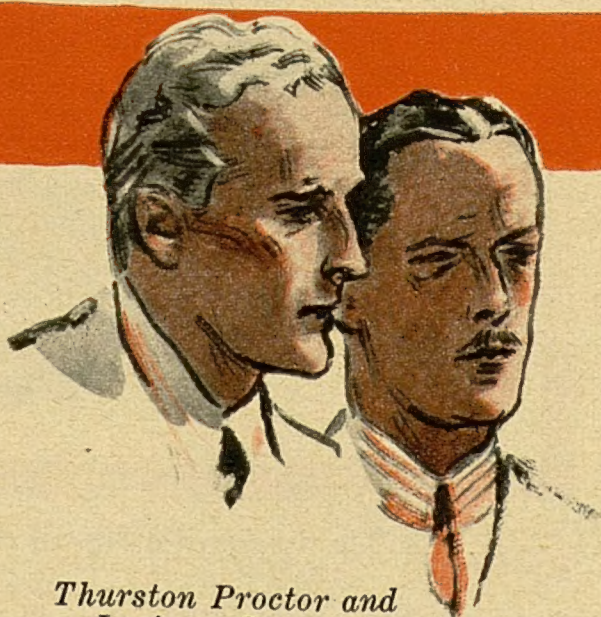
(Reading time: 35 minutes.)

PART ONE—THE DIVORCE MILL

EVE MCINTYRE OGDEN set her small brown pumps on the Reno station platform with a feeling that she had arrived at the gates of Purgatory. Weak in the knees, her pulses pounding, all alone, she stood opposite the steps of the last compartment car of the west-bound San Francisco Limited.

Probably, she thought, this agitation was just the effect of altitude on a heart that had lived, in more senses than one, at a low level for two years. A woman arriving in Reno should feel defiant or aggrieved or self-righteous. Eve was embarrassed, furtive, mournful, and so lonely she wanted to weep.

No. No more tears. Enough of tears in the last two years. No more tears. The rails had clicked to that rhythm all the way across the continent.



*Thurston Proctor and
Lorimer Sturges*

The porter's white coat was disappearing toward the station, a yellow telegram in his hand. She should have told him to send back a redcap, for now she was cast away with a hand trunk, a Gladstone bag, a dressing case, and a hatbox, at the end of the platform. . . . Certainly there were people enough, uproar enough, around that quaint red-brick relic of a station up ahead.

A cold night, with a full moon high in the sky dimming the dusty electric lights along the platform. She shivered. Fear? Nonsense! She had been on the train too long, that was all. Sunday night she had left New York; here it was Wednesday,

the third of June, nearly Thursday. Three nights and three days, with nothing to think about but past mistakes and future pitfalls. Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, heat and dust. Mountains, desert, Ogden—was it named

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIX WEEKS
[Continued from page five]

after Russell's family? And here was "the biggest little city in the world"—Reno—where matrimonial shackles were dissolved, as though by magic acid, in six weeks. Would the acid burn? she wondered.

Four minutes of midnight, Pacific time. The train was late. Three times on the way across the continent she had set back her watch, Russell's wedding gift, of platinum and diamonds and emeralds. What became of the hours one lost out of life by traveling westward? Perhaps Einstein could answer that. If she could choose, which three hours of her life would she cancel out? She had been pondering this that day, on the train.

The hour she was born? No, for life had been sweet at times; might be sweet again. Nor the childhood years with her father in Ecuador and Peru, up in the awesome Andes. Nor the years at boarding school and in college, away from the apron strings of Aunt Lissie and Aunt Edna. Nor the six weeks after she met Russell Ogden; the two weeks after their elopement. Hours to remember always.

The hours she had decided she'd erase were the long hours since they had separated; but there were so many more than three of those. Nearly two years. She'd strike out the hour when she had left him to go home to Lancaster and the aunts. She'd strike out the hour last month when she had read his letter asking her to divorce him so both could try again. (That meant so *he* could try again.)

ONE hour left of the three; she must save that for what lay ahead. She might, before she died, face a blacker hour than any yet: when she was forty-five, say, and realized she was an old woman, a wasted woman. Only twenty-two years until then.

She took a deep breath, bit her trembling upper lip, looked up and down the platform. Standing there thinking a lot of moldy moonshine, when she should be finding the people from the Better Luck Ranch! The diligence, whatever that would look like, was to meet the train and "our Mrs. Sanford" was to greet her. How would she know Mrs. Sanford? How would Mrs. Sanford know her in that mob? The dozen pilgrims who had descended from the cars ahead were already swallowed up in the crowd around the station. A wild party there: horns blaring, women screaming, men yelling, laughing; a man carrying a girl up the steps of the train, in a shower of confetti and colored tape streamers. Newlyweds. Of course! One marriage for every four divorces in Reno, the clipping in her purse said. But why? The human race was unaccountable. It burned its fingers and then stuck the hand in the fire again, bandages and all.

A squat fellow in a cap was coming toward her. Perhaps he was from the ranch. "Car, lady? Taxi, lady?" Maybe she could get him to carry her luggage up to the waiting room. No, thank you, not with that face. She shook her head negatively, turned her back on him. In Reno, she had been warned, innocent women watched



To Eve it seemed a blur of drinking men and women, of types so un-

their steps or rued it. That was why she had chosen a dude ranch instead of the "new, nicely furnished bungalow, two bedrooms and bath, living room and kitchenette, perfect privacy, \$200 a month," that the Reno lawyer had recommended. Eve didn't like the implications of the two bedrooms and the perfect privacy. Her fingers would have to be healed, the pain long forgotten, before she'd play with fire again.



at she felt she must be watching a sound movie of night life in Reno.

Was that tall man, striding toward her from beyond the hovering buzzard of a taxi driver, looking for her perhaps? Her heart was thumping so she could hear it; her skin was cold all over her small body, despite the warm brown-wool coat. Nevada nights were cold, she'd been warned, but she hadn't foreseen this nipping chill. Or was it apprehension? Of what?

The big man looked like a movie cowboy in store clothes.

He slowed, took off his wide curl-brimmed black hat, and boomed out:

"Lady, excuse me, but might you be Miz Marjoribanks?"

Eve, in relief, laughed aloud. There was such a grand gusto, so much vitality in that big, slow voice.

"No," she replied, walking two steps nearer to him; "but are you from the Better Luck Ranch?"

The tall man's terra-cotta face cracked into a grin.

"That's us," he said. "You must be Miz McIntyre."

"I am," said Eve. Her maiden name, coupled with the "Miz" that belonged with Ogden, sounded like a felon's alias.

"I'm Joe Williams." He announced it with a shade of pride. "All of these yours?"

"Yes. Will you get a redcap for me?" She was short of breath, she discovered.

"You just come along with me." He replaced his hat, stowed the hatbox and the dressing case under his left arm, put the Gladstone's handle in his left hand, stooped and picked up the heavy hand trunk with his right. "The bus is up front of the station."

EVE'S little legs had to trot, almost, to keep up with this human pack mule. She felt, now, like a kitten in the custody of an amiable wolfhound. Perhaps Reno wasn't going to be so bad, the six weeks such an ordeal, if everyone on the ranch were as—as—she couldn't define the quality of Joe Williams that made her feel suddenly so secure. He was heading into the carousing crowd now; she followed in the swath he cut with the bags and trunk. He didn't appear to care how many men he bumped—drunk and disorderly men in dinner clothes, in brown and blue coats with flannels, in tweeds, in sack suits. Confetti rained upon Eve's apprehensive head, only half covered by the knitted brown turban; she ducked grimly. A drum-splitting blast from a horn roared in her left ear; she recoiled; several hilarious men and women caromed between her and the tall guide. A man grabbed her arm; he was singing, off key:

"Another bride,
Another groom,
Another funny honeymoon..."

"Hi, Brownie!" he yelled into Eve's ear. "You're just in time, baby! Show you the town!"

"Please!" Eve pleaded, pulling to free her arm. His grip hurt, even through the coat.

"Aw, come on!" he argued, red-faced. "Don't be a damn' snob. This is Reno. I'm a good fellow, you're a good fellow. You see the bri'? He hadda carry her on the train! You come on, baby! You—"

Mysteriously her hand trunk swung around from behind her, caught the good fellow in the kneecap. Now her arm was free, the good fellow was cursing in sharp anguish, and Joe Williams had Eve in front of him, fending her through the crowd.

"Right straight ahead, ma'am," he coached her calmly. "The bus by the lady in green."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIX WEEKS
[Continued from page seven]

The bus was marked on its varnished yellow tailboard, in large black letters: "Better Luck Ranch, Washoe County, Nevada." It was one of those small trucks, with flat canopy top, open sides, two transverse seats, and space for luggage behind, called back East a "station wagon." Calling it a "diligence" was evidently part of the dude ranch atmosphere. Eve had to smile. Just so they didn't call the dining room Ye Olde Chuck Shoppe! Probably it was going to be just too precious on this ranch, with fat women in two-gallon hats and jodhpur trousers talking about their broncho operations.

The lady standing in a clutter of smart tan luggage near the tailboard of the station wagon, however, would never wear mismated riding togs, nor talk about any operations except, perhaps, those in the stock market. She registered breeding, money, poise, and polite boredom at first glance. Tall. Willowy. Sun-tanned skin and pale hair. Queer gorgeous green eyes.

"You Miz Marjoribanks?" Williams asked her.

"Mrs. Marchbanks, yes," she corrected him coolly. Then she smiled. Joe smiled. So did Eve. You had to. Joe set to work loading the luggage.

Eve took a long, appraising look at the girl she was seeing for the first time and whom she was never to forget. Not noticeably helped but certainly not hindered by the arts of the *couturier*, the milliner, and the various guardians of an exquisite woman's beauty, Nature had certainly made her a person to stare at, this Mrs. Marjoribanks. The decorative lady, in turn, was studying Joe Williams. Evidently she liked what she saw, for she explained, with disarming good humor:

"It's one of those English names, spelled one way and pronounced another. Where is Mrs. Sanford? And what is your name?"

"Joseph Grady Williams," said Joe gravely. He, like Eve, was appreciating the lady at first sight. "Miz Sanford couldn't come, account of a lady that went haywire."

"What?" There was a teasing note in the husky voice.

Joe seized two of her seven bags, wafted them into the wagon as though they were filled with feathers.

"She went loco and commenced ascreaming as we was driving out of the yard. Miz Sanford went back. They go to pieces like that sometimes. The altitude maybe"—two more bags went into the diligence; "too much thinkin' about their troubles"—another pair of bags; "too much night life in town." He took two hands to the steamer trunks.

"**E**NCANTING prospect," said the calm lady to the self-conscious Eve. "What was the trouble with this one, Joseph?"

"Call me Joe," said the big man parenthetically, closing the tailboard. "Any baggage checks?" Both shook their heads negatively; they had carried all their luggage in their compartments. "Want to stop in town for anything?" Neither did. He opened the little door to the rear seat. "Git in, ladies, and we'll go."

He handed them in, climbed into the driver's seat, started the car with the usual whirring and sputtering of an abused station wagon, darted into a tangle of traffic. Two blocks on, he turned off the main thoroughfare into a side street, gathered speed through residential streets until they were out on the moonlit valley floor on a concrete highway, heading toward the Great Dipper. Then he half turned in the seat to answer.

"Why, I don't know, Miz M.—This is Miz Eve McIntyre. I forgot to make you acquainted.—She's a little bit of a woman, as purty as a speckled pup under a red wagon. I heard it said she was in love with her husband—But we ain't supposed to gossip about the guests."

"Are you talking about Mrs. McIntyre or whom?" Mrs. Marjoribanks asked.

"No'm. You thought I was, account I said she was so purty, I reckon. No'm, I meant the lady that went loco."

Joe had to swerve the diligence to avoid an oncoming car, careening along with only its parking lights burning. There was a burst of raucous cheers and jeers as it whizzed past.

Joe muttered his opinion of them.

"*A*W, come on!" he argued. "This is Reno. I'm a good fellow, you're a good fellow. You come on, baby!"



"Nice people," said Mrs. M. dryly. "Is my dog here?" She leaned forward to ask.

"I don't know, ma'am. Did you express him out?"

"Hasn't a Mr. Proctor come in a car with a Scottish terrier?"

"Yes, ma'am. Him and a Mr. Sturges and one of them bench-leg little cusses. Couple of days ago. Name of Tommy Tucker, ain't he?"

"That's right," said Mrs. Marjoribanks, her eyes shining. Eve warmed to her further: she had the sense not to affect a Russian wolfhound, the obvious foil for such a face and figure.

"I'm mad about Scotties. Wherever did you get such a cute name—out of the Mother Goose rhyme?" Eve asked.

"I named him after my first husband, Tommy Troutwine. When he died, poor boy, I changed the dog's name to Tucker, but I kept the Tommy, because he wouldn't answer to anything else. By the way, where are you from, Mrs.—ah—McIntyre?"

Eve hesitated. She had shuddered at imaginary headlines all the way out on the train: "Millionaire Playboy's Bride Seeks Reno Divorce."

"I came out from New York," she said evasively.

"You're not originally from Lancaster, Pennsylvania?" Eve was frightened into a direct lie.



"No," she said. "Why?"

Mrs. Marjoribanks chuckled. "That would have been too good to be true," she said. "I'll tell you why, later."

"McIntyre is such a common Scottish name," said Eve.

Mrs. Marjoribanks smiled somberly. The moonlight was so bright that Eve could catch every nuance of her changing expressions. "Well, you'll have to wear it only six weeks longer. Be thankful you didn't have mine."

Eve didn't reply; she was wondering why it should be too good to be true that she was Eve McIntyre of Lancaster.

PRESENTLY the car slowed and turned into a side road that led up into the dark, evergreen-clad slopes of the low mountains to the left of the highway.

"How much farther?" Mrs. Marjoribanks inquired.

"About two miles. It's only fourteen from the ranch to the courthouse." They were whizzing along a graveled lane, generally upgrade.

"This man who came with Mr. Proctor," she went on. "What's he like?"

"About your height, dark, awful good-lookin', kinda quiet, little mustache, drinks a lot, and drives that Spanish car eighty miles an hour and upwards. I can't figure him out. Looks gloomy all the time and makes funny

cracks with a straight face. When I first met him and Mr. Thurston Proctor, he says: 'This is my man Thursday, Joe. He's just one day faster than Friday.' He meant this fellow Friday that was top hand for Robinson Crusoe, savvy? Proctor, he calls Sturges 'the old banana peddler.' It seems he's in the fruit business."

"He's Lorimer Sturges of Amalgamated Fruit," Mrs. Marjoribanks explained to Eve. "He picked a green banana for a wife, poor boy. I went through Princeton with that wench, and I know." She sighed. "It makes me feel old to think about it. Here I am twenty-eight. You can thank your stars you're still young. Twenty-three?"

"Last October," said Eve. How could the girl guess so accurately?

"Younger generation. You can play with Prock; he likes 'em young and tender. He's a year older than I am, but he's still a Lawrenceville football hero. He did go to Princeton, but he flunked off the team. Plenty of money, big as a blond viking, and a sailor by trade. Spends all his pin money on boats and talks like a bucko mate. I've known him since we sailed boats on our duck pond."

"WHOM is he divorcing?" Eve asked.

"Nobody. Not he. He just came along with Sturges, to hold the poor man's head. I let him bring Tommy, because the little beastie is crazy about him and hates trains. I've never met Sturges, but I've had to listen to Prock talk about him for years now. Sturges spent last winter cruising around the banana republics with Prock. Mostly, I think, to get away from his wife. Prock thinks he's so perfect that I'm prepared to hate him. But you'll love Prock, and he'll just eat you up."

"He sure is funny. Great kidder," Joe remarked over his shoulder. "He says to me: 'Now, whatever you do, Joe, don't whistle this Yes, We Have No Bananas around our friend the banana peddler. It's cost the Amalgamated so far ten million dollars for advertising to tell the public they got plenty of bananas and they're good to eat.'"

"Joe, you're a great help to a designing woman. How does that tune go?"

"Lady, I can't carry a tune with a pack mule. Maybe Miz Mac—"

Miz Mac obliged by humming the air of Yes, We Have No Bananas, as Joe slid the station wagon to a halt before a big white-painted wooden gate.

"Of course. Imagine forgetting *that*," Sally hummed it over.

Joe came back from opening the gate, drove through it and on.

"You're forgetting to shut the gate," Eve reminded him.

"Car coming behind us."

They were whizzing between whitewashed fences now, approaching a long sprawl of white buildings set among big trees whose silvery leaves rustled in the chill breeze. Eve's hands and feet were like ice. Joe stopped the car before the largest of the buildings, facing an open plaza. He got down.

"I'll get Miz Sanford; there's no light in the office. You ladies set where you are a minute." His boots crunched away on the gravel.

"I'm going to get out and stretch," Mrs. Marjoribanks announced, yawning. Eve clambered down after her. A moon rode high over the trees. Away off in the ghostly gray valley which this hilltop overlooked, dogs were barking—or were they coyotes? Down the ranch street, lined with white buildings—the residential cabins described in the ranch literature—the embers of a camp fire glowed; someone was stroking a ukulele expertly; a barytone voice sang:

"One, two, three, four—
Sometimes I wish there were more!
Ein, drei, zwei, vier—
I love the one that's near."

Sally chuckled.

"The Reno theme song. Maybe this won't be so bad, after all."

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SIX WEEKS
[Continued from page nine]

Eve smiled soberly. I came out to this ranch, she was reminding herself, for peace and rest and quiet. I've got to think things out and get some sort of reason and order into my life while I still have a chance for happiness.

A long car, lights dimmed, roared past on the far side of the station wagon, scattering gravel; it slid to a stop before a lighted doorway halfway down the ranch street.

"Ahoy there!"

Eve whirled, startled.

"That you, Sally?" A man was walking toward them from the direction of the big gate.

"Hi, Prock!" She strode toward him, happy excitement in her voice.

He was huge and hearty; the moonlight glistened on the close blond curls of his hatless head. He hugged Sally like a grizzly bear.

"How's everything?" Sally demanded.

"How's Tommy?"

"Swell!" said Proctor. "Made it in five days from Philly. Scared me stiff. Old Sturges drives that seagoing Hispano like he does a bargain. Give me a leaky rowboat in a storm for mine. Who's this winsome wench? Friend of yours?"

"Prock! She's Eve McIntyre from New York, and you're to treat her with respect."

Eve hoped he wouldn't feel impelled to embrace her; his hugs would wreck a woman not built for hard service. But he took her hand gently in a big paw tough as a boot.

"How's your friend the crying jag?" Sally demanded.

"The old banana peddler? All shot to pieces." He was still holding Eve's hand; somehow she wasn't displeased. He beamed down on her, white teeth flashing in his brown face; while he explained: "Lady Halltrees, here, the friend of my childhood, she wouldn't introduce a fellow so as to give him a break. My name's Thurston Proctor. Thursday to you."

"You're high as a hoot owl, Prock," said Sally acidly. "You'd better go soak your head. He's really a nice boy when's he's sober."

"I think he's a darling," said Eve impulsively, and blushed for it. Was the Reno spirit infecting her already?

"You and I are going to get along," Proctor announced.

"You and I go hand in hand?" Sally quoted maliciously.

Eve pulled her hand away abruptly.

"Always belittlin'," grumbled Proctor. "You girls are real godsend. We'll all go for a little ride."

"GOOD Lord, Prock! We've been riding—three days and nights."

"Well, a little more won't hurt you. My man Crusoe, he's all shot to hell. We took the woman to the hospital in his car, because it was the fastest."

"What woman?"

"The one that went nuts tonight. Didn't you hear about it? No, of course. Well, about eleven o'clock we were all doing a little quiet drinking in Rush Taylor's cabin—the humorist, you know—he's got a portable bar—"

"Get to the point," Sally admonished. "Never mind the dramatic effect."

"Well, all of a sudden this wench lets out a scream that would singe your hair. She'd slashed her wrists, in the good old Roman way, and then lost her nerve. Mrs. Sanford came running—everybody came running—and she said to Sturges: 'Get your car, quick!' and that little genius got tourniquets on the woman's arms, and I wrapped her up in a blanket—she was in the bathtub, and a pretty little mama she was, too—and we went hell bent for Reno."

"I had to ride in the back seat and hold her, because she put on another show. You know, yelling 'Let me die!' and trying to jump out. They always do that when they know they're safe—and let me tell you if you ever tried to hold a wet woman going eighty an hour—we lost

the blanket—I couldn't hold it and her too—and there we were, me carrying Lady Godiva into the Reno hospital, yelling and screaming, and cops and cars and everything but the fire department and the angry mob wanting to lynch me—" He sighed explosively.

"And then what?" Sally gasped. She was weak with laughter.

"Well, we left Mrs. Sanford with her; they said she'd be all right; her wrists weren't cut deep enough. And we had to go get the gore washed out of the car, and we

went to a place while we were waiting and we poured raw Scotch down by the glassful—and that is why you see me like this, Mrs.—what is it? Eve? I'll call you Eve. Swell name for you. Well, you two Red Cross nurses can proceed to bind up the suffering. Old Sturges is always talking about the beauties of the grave and the problem of the hereafter, anyway, and he's got the leaping leamies, now. He can't sleep, so I can't go to bed; so you've got to help me out."

SALLY pulled down his head, kissed his tanned cheek. "Always thinking about the other fellow, Prock," she

jeered. "The Perfect Boy Scout—you're a lamb."

"Oh, I'm all right, as soon as I take off this suit and throw it away. That is, I'll be all right if Eve will come along and soothe me."

"Do you think she'd soothe you? I don't. I know you, Don Juan Tenorio."

"Now, Sadie—" he threatened.

Sally threw up her hands.

"Hell, pardner, you win! I'm all saddled up; let's ride. Only smile when you call me Sadie."

Proctor looked at Eve.

"I really don't think I should go—" she began lamely. "But I will."

"Atta girl! Now you two go powder your noses—you've got to share a cabin, by the way. Only one empty. I'll pick you up in ten minutes."

"But we can't just move in," Eve protested.

"Hey, boy!" Proctor called out. A white shape in the arched porch of the main building resolved itself into a Chinese boy on the run.

"Long, you take these ladies to Cabin Number Nine. Make up the beds, because when they come in they'll catchum shut-eye right away, see? Missy Sanford comes back, you say ladies go out with me for a ride. Savvy?" Money changed hands. "Hey, here's their baggage in the car. Take it over. Now, you two, follow the old Boy Scout; second good deed tonight."

"Where is Mrs. Sanford?" Sally asked. "We really should see her first."

"She's still at the hospital, trying to talk sense into that kid. She had the heebies after the doctors fixed her up. I told Polly Sanford to tell the gal she could go riding with me again if she wouldn't kick and scream and bleed. Shameful waste of sweet mama if she bumped herself off. But now that Eve's here, I'll have to welsh on her. My name's Adam now."

"Prock, how you do run on when you've had three drinks!"

"Three? I had three pints." He was walking along, holding Eve's arm, not at all impersonally, but she wasn't resenting that, either. Her hands and feet weren't cold now. He halted in front of one of the white stucco bungalows.

"Here's Number Nine. I hope it lives up to its number."

"Now, Prock! None of your Japanese wise cracks. Mrs. McIntyre isn't that sort of girl."

The station wagon arrived in a flurry of gravel, with two house boys.

"Ten minutes," said Proctor. "Pick you up here in the old Spanish sleigh." He touched his forelock nautically, crunched off.

While Sally was remaking her face, Eve had time to take stock of the house that was to be her home for the next six weeks. It was pleasantly furnished in cool green



enamel. Green gingham curtains, starchily clean, hung at the windows, of which there were two on each side and one by the door. The two divans were piled with green and corn-yellow pillows. A grass rug in two shades of green covered most of the floor, about twenty feet square. Two large dressing-room closets opened at the rear on either side of a small bathroom in green porcelain with yellow oilcloth walls. Mrs. Sanford was undoubtedly a woman of taste as well as of sense. A stone fireplace held firewood laid ready for lighting. Eve sat down in an armchair, relaxed.

The Chinese house boy brought in the luggage with the help of another smiling, bobbing boy in white ducks. They produced sheets and down comforts from mysterious recesses beneath the divans, made them up expertly into inviting beds. Eve wanted nothing so much as to crawl into one. What did she mean, letting herself be roped into a wild party her first night in Reno? She, who was going to think herself out of the mess she was in; plan a future that would not be ordered and supervised by Aunt Lissie and Aunt Edna McIntyre.

"You want anything, missy, you ling for Long." The house boys were bowing themselves out.

Eve opened her hand trunk and pulled out a camel's-hair coat, as Sally emerged, her hat in her hand.

"All set?" she asked, closing the mirror-paneled door of the dressing room to put on the hat.

Without adding a stroke too much of make-up, Sally had changed the whole meaning of her face; she looked dangerous, wicked, more beautiful. She had not changed clothes—Eve took them in again: a sage-green suit of hard tweed, mannish in cut but wholly feminine on this contradictory girl; a plain blouse of white batiste and a double scarf of sables. The hat—now there was something not so simple. While women of high and low degree were slavishly wearing little turbans pushed off the forehead, this one affected a cocky brimmed sailor of dark green felt—Alphonsine, probably, and two months ahead of the mode. It showed one ear and one quizzical eyebrow.

Eve, in her little brown wren ensemble with the knitted Agnès turban pushed off her piquant face and pinned with a clip of silver and red enamel, felt somehow out of style, though she knew damned well she wasn't. But she did wish she could wear clothes as this girl did.

Eve was what Ruddy had called "a cozy little wench." Mrs. Marjoribanks was a Diana, an Atalanta, seraphically slender, long-legged, loose-limbed, boyish, though the frank V of the batiste blouse revealed breasts that were—well, certainly not boyish.

IT was not the clothes, Eve decided, that made her so challengingly pictorial. The long lines of her body were wholly American and athletic, but her long neck and throat were voluptuous, in the Burne-Jones manner; her features were almost decadently feminine, yet all her visible skin was tanned a coffee brown. Almond-shaped eyes of a clear sea green, a straight, finely modeled nose, a trifle flat at the tip, with full, sensual nostrils; a rather large mouth, moist red without lipstick. The hair was a true silver blonde, not bobbed. Women with long chins, Eve had been told, were sexy. This one could be, certainly, or belie her looks.

Well, she'd bet herself a cocky felt sailor, as soon as she could find one, that this Sally Marjoribanks would turn out to be the sort of woman Eve envied; the kind that set her teeth into life and shook it until it gave up what she wanted. And yet, she couldn't help adding, cattily, life evidently hadn't given the lady what she wanted in a husband. Eve felt a little sorry for her. Ruddy Ogden, at least, had been what Eve wanted, though she hadn't been able to keep him. Suddenly she knew she had been staring too long.

"You look so different!" she exclaimed.

"Simple little trick, with a face like mine, half angel

and half devil," said Sally, lighting a cigarette. "This man Sturges has a whining, clinging leech of a wife. If I played the female, he'd never give me a tumble. And he may be the only presentable man around the ranch—I mean, of course, not counting Prock. Now with Prock you take the female line—soft, fluttering, trusting woman, not too suspicious. He'll eat you up and it'll be very pleasant."

The gentleman under discussion just then roared through the curtained screen door, "All hands to the pumps!" Eve got up wearily and marched out after Sally, a lamb to the slaughter.

A swift ride, too fast for conversation in the back seat, to a road house called the Cascabel, whose name, Proctor, on the way in, advised Eve meant "rattlesnake"—and rightly. To Eve it seemed a confused blur of drunk, half-drunk, and drinking men and women, of types so startlingly different, some of them so unreal that she felt she must be watching a sound movie of night life in Reno. Something called a sidecar to drink—pleasant. Another sidecar. Wheels going around in her head.

A GLOOMY, dark, lean man, exactly as Joe Williams had described him, sitting across the table, unable to take his eyes off Sally long enough to show much interest in Eve. An amiable big brute of a blond boy who had lapsed into amorous brooding over Eve. Sally, looking like all the dangerous women in the world cast into one serene statue, drinking even with the men, maintaining a faint boredom, making sly remarks about the queer people who wandered in and out of this grill room adjoining the bar.

Food arrived, hot with chili pepper, unfamiliar and delicious. There was Eve, stubbornly refusing to have another drink, about to fall asleep at three o'clock in the morning. That air of gloom which pervades mixed drinking in public places and makes it seem a grim task was as evident here as it had been in New York speak-easies. More evident. These people seemed so desperately trying to be gay.

A laconic decision from Sturges broke it up: "We're punishing you after that train trip. Worth the guilty feeling just to talk to two white women again. I felt like Byrd at the south pole without a radio. This place gets on my nerves."

A slower ride back to the ranch, with the black head and the blonde one in the front seat not as far apart as they had been on the way out. An obstreperous young man to handle in the back seat.

"Look here," Eve finally told Proctor, sharply. "I know you're an old friend of Mrs. Marjoribanks, but that doesn't make you an old friend of mine, too."

He folded his arms, moved to his side of the seat like a sulky boy.

"We're not getting away on the right foot," she went on, exasperated. "I like you; I think you're amusing, and for the next six weeks I'll probably need amusement. But I'm not like your friend Sally. I can't get away with the things she can do, because I—well, I'm not the type."

He didn't answer. She went on:

"I'm not giving you the old line: 'Sir, I'd have you know I'm a pure woman.' I don't know whether I'm pure or not—I've never been tempted—" That was the

wrong thing to say. Too many sidecars.

He flared up. "Listen; I get a bang out of you, baby—that's all. I know I'm crude. But I can't say pretty things to a woman. Hell! I'm no Don Juan. When I get one to like me she turns out to be a gold-digging little slut or she tries to shotgun me into marrying her. But the minute I saw you I wanted you and I went after you. I won't say I'm sorry, because I'm not." He had captured both her hands again.

"Well, don't try to rush me so fast. How do you know I'm not a gold-digging little—what-do-you-call-it?"

"You think I thought because you were with Sally Blount I thought you were—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



SIX WEEKS
[Continued from page eleven]

"I didn't mean to imply anything about Mrs. Marjoribanks," Eve stopped him.

"You don't have to imply anything; haven't I known Sarah Blount since she was a little slut of six? Haven't I seen her make two mercenary marriages, one for money and the other for British social swank? Now don't put me down for a cad. She's just as brutal about me—it's a way we have of blurting things out. But here she is up to her old tricks again: engaged to one swell fellow and already making a play for Lorrie Sturges. And, by God, I came along to protect him from women!"

"Too many now?" Eve suggested.

"One too many. It took nine years to get rid of her. I was a damn' fool for sicking Sally on him. That's me—always rushing in— But what's that got to do with me and you?"

"Nothing, except that I don't propose to make a fourth on any more midnight joy cruises. I'm out here in Reno to get out of a mess, not to get into another. You'd just better look around for another baby to get a bang out of, if that's what you want."

That was the line! She wondered whether she could stick to it for six grim weeks. He was such a lamb—she wanted to run her fingers through that adorable curly hair. It was so much like Ruddy's, only his was red. This man somehow reminded her so much of Ruddy.

Her subconscious mind shot up a question:

"Did you say Mrs. Marjoribanks was engaged?"

"Yes."

"Before she's even divorced?"

"Why not? Why get a divorce unless you've got something better lined up?"

"What's she after this time?" Eve could have bitten off her tongue for that catty question. It put her on Proctor's level.

"That's a mystery. He's got money—his family had, at least; big money, until this depression—but, anyway, Sally's got plenty of her own; Tommy Troutwine left her plenty, and she hasn't spent it all on Lord Halltrees, or whatever his name is. And it's not social position. She's seeing through that bunk, since she's got all a sane woman could want. I don't know. Call it a whim. Maybe she thinks she loves him. She's sentimental, really. Look at that pretty picture."

Four feet ahead of them, through the extra windshield that protected the rear-seat riders when the top was down, Mrs. Blount Troutwine Marjoribanks had gone to by-by, it appeared, with her golden head, minus the green sailor, pillowed on the right shoulder of Lorimer Sturges, Esquire, the man who had millions of bananas. He was driving slowly and carefully, even tenderly.

"Who is this man she's going to marry?" Eve asked.

"Philadelphia man. Old private banking house; only son. Name of Ogden— What's the matter?"

It was not like Eve to burst into tears without warning. It seemed so crazy, so fantastic; she must be having hysterics, laughing, with the tears running down her nose. That was funny, too, but she couldn't stop the tears under his amazed scrutiny.

"I MUST be drunk! Me, with a crying jag!" She managed the scorn pretty well, she thought. Then, suddenly she had burst into tears again, was groping for the blue flannel shoulder.

"Oh, Mr. Proctor!" she heard herself pleading. "You've got to help me! You've got to! Don't fight me, please. Just stand by. I'll make it up to you! I haven't anybody—not anybody—"

"Poor baby," he murmured, kissing the tip of her ear. "You go ahead and cry it out, kid; then you can tell me all about it. The good old Boy Scout. This divorce business is hell, any way you take it. Now, wipe little eyes—" He wiped them for her. "Turn up little mouth at corners." He kissed each corner gently. "Going to be a big girl now."

He gathered her up and kissed her on the mouth. She

didn't seem to want to struggle. She wanted—she didn't know what she wanted, except that she didn't, above all things, want to live with a woman who was planning to live with Russell Ogden as soon as Eve had surrendered him—who perhaps had already. But she'd better be thinking what to do about this man who was kissing her. It was unspeakable that he should be kissing her when that—that woman in the front seat might turn around and see her; she was still Russell's wife. Eve got her hand between the man's lips and hers; she hit him in the ear with her clenched fist hard. He drew back, grinning triumphantly.

"You little devil," he said. "You liked it." He jumped up, dropping Eve into the corner of the seat, vaulted right over the side of the car, and ran to open the white barred gate.

OVER the gate was an arch of saplings with the bark on; Eve hadn't noticed it before, but it stood out sharply now against the dawn-tinted sky. Letters made of the crooked limbs of trees spelled out:

BETTER LUCK

An omen?

Sturges, in the front seat, was grinning; she caught the reflection of his sardonic face in the driver's mirror. He winked at her, put his face down against Sally's. The blonde head stirred lazily against his arm, turned in sleepy protest. Sturges kissed her again, and this time the blonde head did not turn. The brown neck below the little tendrils of white-gold hair moved forward, tensed. There were two sides to that kiss. And this was the woman who was going to be Ruddy's second wife! Kissing a man she'd met three hours before and—like that!

The tears came again. Not if she could help it! Not her Ruddy! Why, it was an insult, to ask her to divorce him so he could "try again" with a woman who held herself as cheap as that.

The car was going through the gate. Now it had halted; this stranger named Proctor had clambered in, joyously dropped to the seat beside her.

"Now where are all your troubles, baby?" he demanded, pulling her toward him irresistibly. "All gone! There's nothing for what ails you like the hair of the dog that bit you!" He was kissing her again. And through the white-hot flame leaping through her veins she could feel a chill of fear, or premonition.

She needed this man. She had to keep him on her side. So she'd have to pretend. She couldn't be a prude, or she'd be excluded by these three. And she must stay on the inside of this situation until she could make up her mind what to do. If only her father were here instead of in China! She caught her breath in a sob. She had no one.

No one but this big man who was kissing her. She let him have her lips, just in gratitude perhaps. And that proved a mistake, too.

As the car glided to a halt in front of Cabin Number Nine, she wrenched her lips away.

She was really in a panic now. The kiss had got out of control. She was afire down to the tips of her fingers and toes.

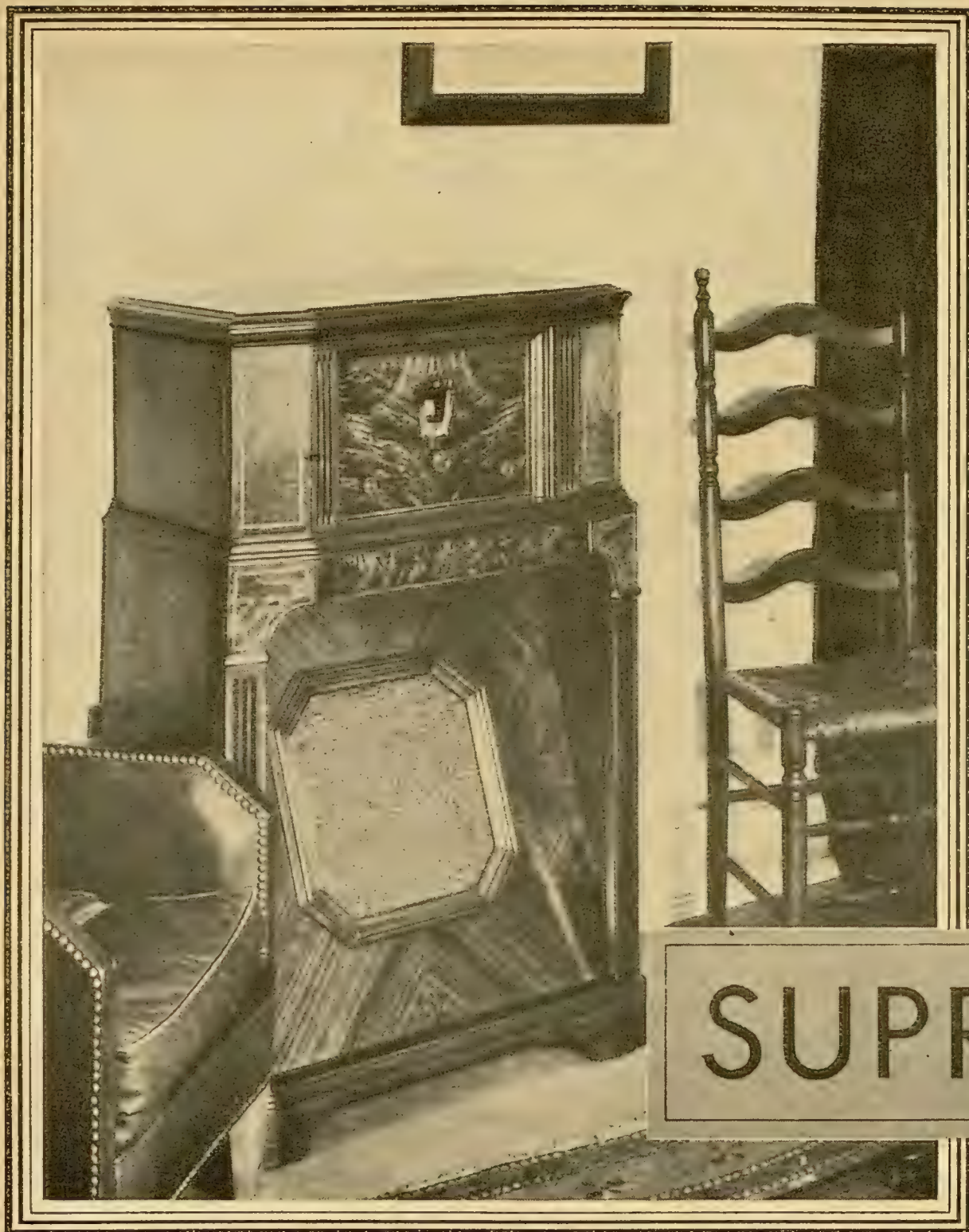
Could she go into that cabin now with that strange, fascinating, beautiful creature who was menacing Ruddy's happiness? Could she control herself if she did, keep her mouth shut, lay her plans? Or should she whisper to Thurston Proctor, waiting to help her out of the car: "Let's go for more rides? Just you and I."

If she did that, there'd be no stopping him. He'd never believe that she was facing the crisis of her life, two thousand miles from the nearest friend. Unless she told him the truth—that she was Russell Ogden's wife. Did she dare?

Two minutes to make up her mind!

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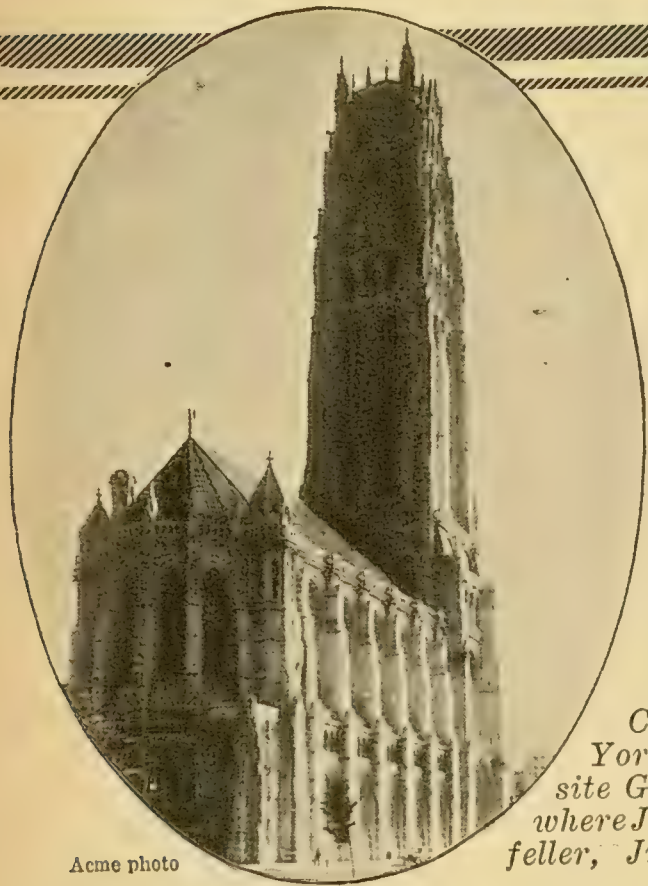
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Riverside Church in New York City, opposite Grant's Tomb, where John D. Rockefeller, Jr., worships.

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 17 minutes 50 seconds.)

I SHALL never forget my first meeting with John Davison Rockefeller, Jr., in Riverside Church, opposite Grant's Tomb.

Having promised myself to introduce Professor Albert Einstein to the sculptured image of himself which greets the visitor at the entrance to the church where John D. Rockefeller, Jr., worships, it occurred to me that I could make the moment epic by bringing together under the roof of that edifice the capitalist who measures his wealth in millions of dollars and the scientist who thinks in millions of light years.

I called up Rockefeller's pastor, the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, and suggested a rendezvous. Dr. Fosdick was thrilled to welcome the man who discovered that time can stretch and bend and that space, like a huge whale, is devouring the universe. But he said that Mr. Rockefeller, being exceedingly busy, was called elsewhere by important engagements.

When Mrs. Viereck and I arrived at the church with Einstein and his wife, we saw a slim, ascetic figure of a man obviously waiting for someone. I walked up to him.

"Are you Dr. Fosdick?"

"No," he replied. "I am Mr. Rockefeller."

Introductions followed. The white-haired scientist, looking for all the world like a mischievous, slightly overgrown cherub, shook hands with John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Mr. Rockefeller resembled a Sunday-school superintendent or a professor of sociology.

A man of medium height, athletic in type, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has a mouth that bespeaks strength with a touch of severity. His square jaw indicates determination to the point of obstinacy, an heirloom from his father. Gray-blue eyes, gazing through glasses, tell you nothing until you look again. Looking once more, you suspect, behind the placid exterior, a stormy temperament and the intellectual restlessness of an artist held in leash by rigid self-discipline. Two natures at war with each other are stabilized by his will power.

A few days later I had my second glimpse of the prince regnant of the Rockefeller dynasty. Mrs. Viereck and I were taking Professor and Mrs. Einstein to have tea at

A New Emphasis on H

Says JOHN D.

the Rockefeller house, a few steps from Fifth Avenue.

In some way this house stands in symbolic relation to its master. Although eight stories high, with a gallery and a solarium at the top, the plain square structure with its white granite front is not particularly impressive. Nothing prepares one for the spaciousness and the beauty within. To a certain extent it is dominated by its neighbor, the Victorian brownstone house only half its size, where John D. Rockefeller, Sr., makes his home in New York. The paternal mansion must remind the son daily of the fact that he is the progeny of the Titan whose name is writ in oil. The younger Rockefeller himself admits the extent to which his father's extraordinary personality pervades his life and his thought.

"I did not," he has said somewhere, "pick my job."

Fate ordained him to be the heir of the greatest fortune in America, if not on earth.

The impression exists that his youth was cheerless. This is hardly true. He had to do chores, like other boys, for which he was paid according to the prevailing rate for rural labor at the time—fifteen cents an hour. But his life was by no means all work. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., encouraged sport and play. He taught his children to swim and to skate. John D., Jr., learned to ride a horse and to drive a buggy. He still likes to drive his own car.

When the Rockefellers moved to New York from their original home in Forest Hill, on the eastern outskirts of Cleveland, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., saw to it that his son did not suffer for want of exercise. He cemented the yard which surrounds the Fifty-fourth Street house on either side. In winter this space was flooded so that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., could skate to his heart's content with his playfellows, while his father, being a good skater, was the leader in the sport. The father's influence pervaded young Rockefeller's sport life as well as his business life.

JOHN D., JR., exercised to keep himself fit for his job. In school he was a passable boxer. Unlike his father,

he prefers squash and handball to golf. Best of all, he loves to dance. Often at night after dinner he turns on the radio and dances with his children and his guests. The fact that he enjoyed dancing with the wives and sisters of the workmen in the Colorado mines helped him to settle the trouble there. It supplied the one thing needed—the human touch.

The yard where John D., Jr., played as a child is still as it was in the heyday of his father. There are trees in the center, and a long bench where one suspects the Rockefeller grandchildren occasionally sit in the sunshine. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., believes in sunshine. His house is protected on every side so that it can never be deprived of man's greatest heritage, air and light. What he treasures for himself he likes to bestow upon others. Hence his experiments with model tenement houses where families of medium means may live in well lighted and sanitary surroundings.

As we stepped out of the car which had taken the Einsteins and us to the Rockefeller dwelling, and crossed the threshold, we were received with cheerful kindness

Business TODAY

deals of Personal Living

ROCKEFELLER, JR.

and unaffected simplicity. Once John D. Rockefeller, Jr., drops the reserve imposed upon him by the constant assaults of the world from which no son of Cræsus escapes, he can be the most genial of hosts.

The first impression as one entered the house was one of culture rather than luxury. Mr. Rockefeller received us in a room which was dominated by books. Later we were led, first, into another room where tea was served. Wherever the eye rested, it rested upon books. Every room was a library. Books have been a powerful influence in shaping the mind of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. In fiction, Dickens, Holmes, Hugo, Irving, Scott, Thackeray enticed him. He read *The Last Days of Pompeii* with unmitigated delight. Current fiction appeals to him, although, being a child of his generation, he eschews the ultramodern. Bruce Barton's *The Man Nobody Knows* struck a responsive chord in his heart because it appealed alike to the business man and the mystic.

IN sociology he is familiar with the most modern theories. He has read the most forward-looking economists and sociologists of our own day. He personally financed the investigation of prostitution and kindred problems by the Board of Social Hygiene. He has even dabbled in authorship. His interest in the work was so absorbing that he himself wrote the preface to the volumes which present the result of the labors of the board. He reported its findings without squeamishness.

Like the Kaiser, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is not particularly fond of poetry. He has read Shakespeare, but his soul has never reacted to the message of the great poets as it does to music. It was Rockefeller the music lover who presented the most priceless carillon in the world to Riverside Church in memory of his mother. Mr. Rockefeller has installed an organ in Fifty-fourth Street which floods his home with majestic music. He made it play for Einstein when I told him that the man who has turned the universe topsyturvy is an impassioned lover of music. Einstein's greatest hobby is the violin.

"I too," Rockefeller modestly said, "used to play the violin in my younger days. It gave me great pleasure."

He did not add that his mother had rewarded him with five cents for every hour of industrious practicing! I wonder if Rockefeller's love for the violin would have been rooted more deeply if he had learned that beauty should be its own reward? It is a mooted question whether children should be stimulated by material compensations. However, they instilled in young Rockefeller a vivid realization of the relation between effort and money.

This keen sense of the value of money was transmitted



Acme photo

"Men with the courage to live up to their convictions are greatly needed in business," says John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

to young Rockefeller by his father. The shiny dimes which the old man distributes are to him a very real symbol. It is the symbolic value that is important, not the denomination. Before God a thousand years are as a day. To a Rockefeller a thousand dollars are no more than a dime, and a dime no less than a thousand dollars. Like his father, John D., Jr., has not hesitated to give away millions, but never without demanding a strict accounting for every dollar spent. The Rockefeller philanthropies exceed \$600,000,000, a monument of generosity. Young Rockefeller's own contributions are in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000.

When I left the Rockefeller house I took with me in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GREATEST NEED OF BUSINESS TODAY]

Continued from page fifteen

advertently a pair of gloves that did not belong to me. I wrote a letter to John D., Jr., and asked him if the gloves belonged to him. Mr. Rockefeller promptly and courteously replied: "If the pair of gloves of which you speak are tan suède I think they are mine, for I have been looking unsuccessfully for such a pair of gloves for the past few days."

It so happened that the gloves I carried away were not tan but gray. It turned out that their lawful possessor was a young visitor, not the master of 10 West Fifty-fourth Street. At first it struck me as amusing that the richest man in America should be looking several days for a pair of gloves. On closer analysis I realized that Rockefeller abhors waste, not because he is stingy, but because to him, as to his father, human effort translated into material or money is sacred. Besides, he admits that he likes old clothes. When he went to Brown University his father gave him an allowance of \$100 a month for his accouterment. He did not spend the entire amount. It was often remarked that he wore an old suit until it was shiny. That was not because of avarice; nor was it an affectation. He liked to be comfortable, and he saw no reason for buying a new suit while the old one sufficed. Today Mr. Rockefeller is a smart but conservative dresser. His clothes hang well on him, but he is no mirror of fashion. No one would glance at him a second time for his clothes.

Just as his father's house casts its shadow over young Rockefeller's yard, so his father's principles influence the education of his children.

"Some years ago," he relates, "three of our sons were traveling with us in Europe. Each was assigned some particular task in connection with the business of traveling. One attended to the auditing and paying of bills and the handling of funds; another to the baggage; while the third did errands. Each received weekly pay commensurate with the service rendered. As a result of this experience, the boy who paid the bills came to realize that the reason for carefully auditing and adding any account before paying it, whether for a meal, hotel accommodations, or goods purchased, was quite as much to make sure that full payment was rendered for the service received as to guard against the possibility of paying more than the exact sum due. The amount of error on either side of the account was not the significant thing, but rather the principle of absolute integrity and accuracy."

IN spite of the rigidity of his principles, John D., Jr., gives great care to but does not interfere unduly with the development of his children. His boys choose their own colleges. His youngest children attended Lincoln School in New York City, where Teachers College, an institution closely associated with Columbia University, conducts some of its most original educational experiments. John D., Jr., realizes that the automobile, the radio, the relaxation of many standards in the postwar world have altered completely the government of youth as compared with his own boyhood. He also realizes that in education as well as in industry no man can with impunity challenge the time spirit. A strict disciplinarian by character, his reason tells him that he must permit others to develop, within certain rational limits, their own individuality.

Rockefeller does not attempt to force his ideas upon others, although it may cost him considerable self-control if others fail to see a truth that seems obvious to him. Here, too, he is influenced to a large extent by John D., Sr.

"My father," John D., Jr., confesses, "is the most patient man I know. Once he made a decision he considered right, he was willing to wait a quarter of a century to see his judgment justified."

"My father," he tells, "never said 'don't' to me. He permitted me to learn by trial and by error. When I made costly mistakes he never said one harsh word of censure. I learned to obey the law for its own sake, not merely because it was imposed upon me from without."

To this interpretation of the law Rockefeller clings to this day. He realizes that many laws unnecessarily hamper and restrict business and do not serve the common good. While an upholder of prohibition, he does not claim that the Eighteenth Amendment has had results in all respects satisfactory.

"I have," he said in an address to the 26 Broadway Club, an organization composed entirely of Standard Oil employees, "respect for the man who seeks by every legitimate means to bring about the repeal of a law which he honestly thinks to be contrary to public interest. But law is law, whether it affects personal liberty, social well-being, or business; so long as it remains the law of the land it should be obeyed both by individuals and by corporations. The alternative is anarchy."



The elder John D. Rockefeller.

WITHOUT believing in unwarranted interferences with the pursuit of life and happiness of the individual, whenever practicable John D., Jr., refuses to do business with men who lack integrity and whose private lives shake his faith in their reliability. He makes no attempt to set back the clock of custom or of time. But he detests soft living and relaxation that eats into the fiber of efficiency.

"The good mixer, the hail-fellow-well-met, is an asset in any business; but when he feels it is necessary to 'go the pace,' whether from personal inclination or ostensibly to maintain his business contacts, he becomes a distinct liability to his company and a positive menace to its public standing and its morale, both of which are of basic importance. A new emphasis on high ideals of personal living is greatly needed in business today—also, may I add, men with the courage to live up to their convictions."

Rockefeller has a most conscientious attitude toward business. He feels that every business is a partnership between capital, management, labor, and the public. Each is justified in receiving its share of the benefits of any enterprise. "Formerly," he says, "capital and management were one. Today they are, as a rule, separate. This deprives the relation between capital and labor of a certain human element." Rockefeller feels that something must be done to restore the humanity in their relationships.

The loyalty which he gives to his own father he expects from others; but he asks no one, from the president to the office boys of his companies, to perform any act which he would not himself be willing to perform. He reiterates again and again that the most important thing is to make not a living but a life, and to make that life worthy, well rounded, and useful.

Predisposed by his early training to be somewhat sententious, he constantly struggles with himself to keep his mind open.

"My father," he said, "once he made a decision, was not easily moved from it. But he was always ready to listen to argument. I have always tried to do likewise."

John D., Jr., is a believer in organized charity as opposed to sporadic and spontaneous giving. Lack of organization, in his mind, produces the mortal sin of inefficiency.

Professor Einstein argued with him that the strict regulations laid down by his educational foundations sometimes stifled the man of genius. "Red tape," the professor exclaimed, "incases the spirit like the bands of a mummy!" Rockefeller, on the other hand, pointed out the necessity for carefully guarding the funds of the foundations from diversion to unworthy ends or individuals who are not most meritorious. Standing his ground against the greatest mind in the modern world,

he ably defended the system under which the various foundations were conducted.

"I," Einstein said, "put my faith in intuition."

"I," Rockefeller replied, "put my faith in organization."

Einstein pleaded for the exceptional man. Rockefeller championed the greatest good of the greatest possible number. Einstein was the aristocrat, Rockefeller the democrat.

Each was sincere; each, without convincing the other, persuaded him of his sincerity.

The conversation drifted to economic problems. Einstein advocated the paring down of working hours to give a chance to the unemployed, and suggested the desirability of prolonging the school years to keep children from competing with their elders.

"Does not such an idea," asked Rockefeller, "impose an unwarranted restriction upon individual freedom?"

Einstein countered with the statement that the present economic emergency justified measures similar to those taken by all governments in wartime.

Einstein voiced his opposition to war. While John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is equally opposed to it, his feet are too firmly planted upon realities to permit him to share in their entirety the views of the more extreme pacifists. "War," Einstein exploded, "can be ended only if men refuse to bear arms!"

Yet in religion John D., Jr., has emancipated himself completely from the tyranny of tradition. The conversation between him and Einstein took place

partly in French, partly in German, partly in English.

Mr. Rockefeller speaks French very well, but his German is limited. Einstein's English is like Rockefeller's German, but he expresses himself well in French.

However, occasionally, when he wishes to say something more subtle or profound, he resorts to German.

My French is like Rockefeller's German and Einstein's English! Now and then I acted as interpreter to establish a contact between these two agile minds.

When I conveyed to Rockefeller Einstein's surprise that a Christian church should have honored a Jew by including his image among the saints, Rockefeller smiled.

"Evidently," he said, "Dr. Einstein does not realize how completely free we are from any sectarianism. We preach no creed, and we include not only Einstein but Spinoza and Buddha, with Jesus and Moses, among those whose likenesses we preserve and revere."

"DO you think," I said to Professor Einstein, "that any German church would be liberal enough to make you a saint?"

"It would astound the Germans to see a Jew honored in a Christian church."

"Possibly," I interjected, "the Founder of Christianity would not be surprised to encounter one of His own race in His church."

"As a matter of fact," Rockefeller replied, "many Jews worship in our church. It may interest you," he added, "that while the church was being built we held our services in a synagogue through the courtesy of the congregation. Under those circumstances, it should surprise no one if we do homage to Einstein. We look upon genius everywhere as a manifestation of God."

"At any rate," Einstein remarked laughingly, "I must never write any foolish book or do anything foolish, now that you have put me among your plaster saints."

Mr. Rockefeller looks younger than his years. Youth seems to cling to him. The years deal with him kindly. Rockefeller, in spite of his fifty-eight years and the gray that is creeping into his hair, possesses a certain boyish-

ness. I saw that on several other occasions when I ran across him. At public banquets, seated with his contemporaries, he looks the youngest man of the lot. That is due not entirely to the exercises which he daily takes in his own gymnasium on the roof of his house, but also to a dynamic quality in himself.

That Rockefeller possesses imagination there can be no question. I assume that for this imaginative heritage he is indebted to that mother, Laura Spelman Rockefeller who inspired him to play the violin. Without imagination John D., Jr., would not have financed studies in social hygiene; he would not have built model tenement houses; he would not have enabled Carrel, Noguchi, and Flexner to pursue their studies without stint or cavil; he would

not have reared international houses; he would not have assisted in rebuilding Versailles and Rheims. The æsthetic sense, which seems to be absent in the father, is a powerful impulse in the life of the son. He would not otherwise have bought such beautiful Chinese porcelains and he would not collect with such discriminating taste rare paintings and vases.

WITHOUT ostentation, joyfully sharing his possessions with discerning guests, John D., Jr., unveiled to us his art treasures. In a subtle way, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., was present even here. He looked at us through two portraits of himself by Sargent. But he was no longer dominant.

Door after door opened like magic casements. We descended deeper and deeper into what seemed to me, for all their brilliant illumination, subterranean vaults. We passed a collection of rare Chinese idols and vessels. We paused to do reverence to Botticelli. Finally, in the uttermost depths, probably three stories under the ground, we stood in a room flooded with light—the room of the unicorn.

The unicorn, or monoceros, is a fabulous animal smaller than a horse, with a goat's beard, cloven hoofs, and a spiral horn. It exists in all literatures. Julius Cæsar believed in it. Pliny describes it minutely. Job refers to it in his plaint. Our forefathers were convinced that it was an untamable animal that could not be taken alive except by a virgin. The unicorn, like Pegasus, the winged steed of the poets, is not a dray horse; it was not fashioned to draw even a cart of gold.

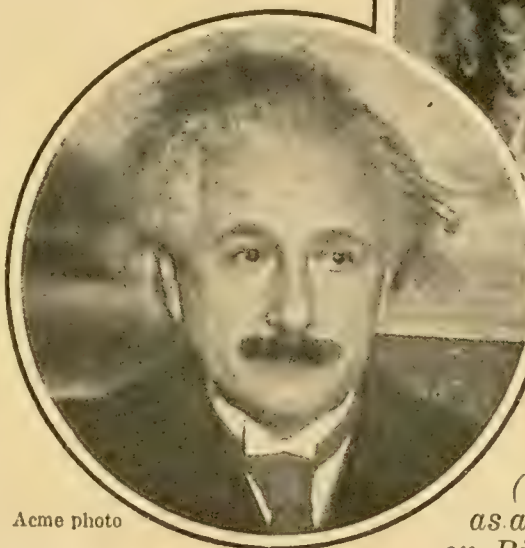
Poetry and art alike drew inspiration from this wonder beast. It inspired the artist who in 1480 made a tapestry which now, after nearly five centuries, furnishes the climax of Mr. Rockefeller's collection. The room where it is displayed contains nothing except the tapestry which has been called the most sumptuous presentation of the lore of the unicorn—its hunt, its death, and its resurrection.

In Christian mythology the unicorn, with its horn pointing to heaven, symbolizes sometimes the Virgin Mary, sometimes the figure of Jesus. In a larger sense it stands for man's dream of beauty and of God.

The mind of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., like his house, has hidden depths which he may at times hide even from himself. It is certainly significant that his most cherished treasure is not a perfect jewel, nor yet a billion dollars in gold, but a strange piece of tapestry, symbolic of man's aspiration.

Fate compels John D., Jr., to carry upon his shoulders his father's heritage, the burden of many millions. He has dedicated himself resolutely to this task.

THE END



Acme photo



Wide World photo
Prof. Albert Einstein, and
(above) his image
as a "plaster saint"
on Riverside Church.

DEAD ORCHIDS



*What Comes from Thinking
with Your Emotions*

By

ACHMED ABDULLAH

(Reading time: 32 minutes 25 seconds.)

FOR twenty years these two, friends once, had gone to and fro on the earth—the earth of Africa, sun-scorched, heat-flayed—and had walked up and down in it, for the sake of ambition or of duty, without their paths happening to cross. But tonight they were together again: Sir Sarsfield O'Dwyer, governor of Fullahistan, the British colony in the Sahara of which this town of Fullabad was the capital; and Harrington Smith, general manager of the Afro-American Petroleum Company—general manager since this morning, when he had arrived from Boston, *via* Marseilles and Algiers, the appointment in his pocket.

So they had dined leisurely. They had exchanged reminiscences; had begun many a sentence with "Do you remember?" or "Do you recall?" And now they sat on the veranda of the ancient mansion that formerly had been the home of a great Moslem aristocrat and was today Harrington Smith's official residence.

They sat there, listening to the far, faint pulse beats of Arab tom-toms and Negro wooden drums; staring out, beyond the modern European quarter, upon the native city coiling its mazes beneath the melodramatic African moon: the near panorama dominated by the green poem of the Mosque of Swords that soared up with the eager thrust of seven minarets; the narrow alleys barred by screens of dark, lanky palms driven straight into the ground like iron candlesticks; farther on, like a deep-gray smudge punctured here and there by a glimmer and glisten, the bazaars, a snail shell containing all the myriad, tortuous windings of traffic and barter and intrigue; and, on the horizon's edge, the desert spawning its brittle golden eternities into the south.

They had been rather silent for a while. Then Harrington Smith sighed. He murmured:

"Dear Lord!"

"What's wrong?" asked the Irishman. "Mosquitoes bothering you?"

"No."

"Well?"

"I've got the blues."

"Today—on your day of triumph, when they made you High Exalted Ruler of your concern? Why—you should be happy!"

The American did not reply. He thought that—yes—the other was right.

He should be happy, should be contented, when he called to mind how, twenty years ago, he had come to this place,

Pictures by
MARSHALL FRANTZ

*"YOU like me as
much as you
did last night?"*



direct from a Boston business college, as a junior clerk.

That had been shortly after the discovery of oil near Fullabad, when almost overnight the somnolent Arab settlement had become a boom town of jazzy Texas pattern. For people had come from all the world: bankers, usurers, prospectors, gamblers, crooks; men of a dozen nations, forgetting their petty international bickerings in their hysterical race toward the same goal—oil, which spelled wealth.

A rabble of brand-new millionaires had resulted; a crop of freshly sprouted captains of finance; and presently, topping the lot, the Afro-American Petroleum Company—a firm of New England capital, New England shrewdness in driving a bargain, New England rectitude in sticking to this same bargain, win or lose.

Thus a town yesterday of fatalistic Islam had changed,



by petroleum's magic wand, into a city alive with shops, soot, smoke, automobiles; flinging the boast of its chimneys and derricks against the sardonic African sky; winding the hustle and burst of its frantic, hastily cut streets about the squat, contemptuous mosques.

GOLD had been so cheap—and so new! New too, if less cheap, an abundance of places to spend this gold: restaurants, cabarets, dance halls, dives where the vices of the East vied with those of the West—an amazing, incredible night life such as the world sees daily in its films.

And Harrington Smith had loved it all. He had loved the riotous fun of those pioneering days as much as the hard work.

Since then he had served the company all over Africa, from Egypt to the Stanley Falls, from Aden to the Bight

of Benin. Steadily he had mounted the ladder of success. But his love for Fullabad had persisted. His first love, his last love—and here he was back after twenty years: the mightiest where once he had been the least.

Oh, yes, he reflected, he had made the grade. And then again he sighed; and again, impatiently, the Irishman demanded:

"What's wrong?"

"But—I told you—"

"The blues! The blues—maybe—because you're *too* successful? Because you've no more worlds to conquer, at least in Africa? Is that it, you poor bloody fool?"

"Not exactly. Only—I wonder—"

"Well?"

"Has it ever occurred to you that the price one pays

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[DEAD ORCHIDS
Continued from page nineteen]

for success can be too high? I—why”—his voice rose—
“I’ve paid for it with my vanished, irrevocable years.
I’ve paid for it by the loss of my recklessness—the divine,
audacious folly of my youth.”

“How old are you? Forty-four?”

“Forty-one.”

“And I’m sixty—and still young. Why, man, there are
long bully years ahead of you—and you’re as strong
as a yearling bull and your brain is as keen and active as
ever. And didn’t you mention something about a girl
back home in Boston?”

“Yes. Hester Peabody.” The American smiled.

“She’s coming out next cool season to be my wife.”

“Then, with all the cards stacked in your favor, what
may you be kicking about?”

“Because—as you say—I’m a poor bloody fool!”

Once more Harrington Smith was silent. He shrugged
his shoulders. He smiled. It was a bitter, crooked smile.

He might fool O’Dwyer, he thought, but it was no use
trying to fool himself.

He knew the reason for his black, unhappy mood. Oh,
yes—he knew it.

This reason was right here, in this house and in what
lay beyond it and in back of it: the hot passion of his
youth—and, of course, a woman.

FATHMA had been her name. Such an ordinary Arab
name—just as his own, Smith, was an ordinary
American name. But to him in those days, twenty years
ago, Fathma had been the sweetest name in the world
and Fathma herself the sweetest girl in the world.

Ah, he thought—remembered—how lovely she had
been, with her face so small and soft, her lithe body so
exquisitely chiseled, her blue-black hair folding over her
tiny ears like a raven’s wings, her red, red lips, her eyes
like brown, gold-flecked pools, her arms so white and
generous!

His first love—her first love. And how profound it had

seemed to them at the time! Mysterious it had seemed;
yet logical in its utter sense, like the mating of wind and
flame. Restless it had seemed, and radiant and inscruta-
ble. Sweet it had seemed, and poignant and tremendously
vital, and just a little tragic—as the sea is tragic, and
the depth of the forest at noon, and the living of far
stars. Inevitable it had seemed, like the forces that bind
the planets and the suns; unerring, like God’s will.

The nights he had spent in her arms—the scent of
sandalwood and jasmine and jungly orchid—and, through
the swathing silences of these nights, her haunting, small
voice drifting straight to the core of his soul:

“I love you. I love you so! There is—I give oath to
Allah—no greater love than mine.”

“Except mine!” his invariable reply.

“Our love will never end.”

“Never!”

But their love had ended. It had ended suddenly, bru-
tally, with the slash of a kurbash, a rhinoceros-hide whip,
cutting a sickening crimson furrow across a supine back.
It had ended here in this very house, which in those days
had belonged to a Moslem grandee, Si Mehmet el-Granadi,
Fathma’s grandfather.

It had ended for no better reason—or no worse—than
that she was an Arab, was of the East Eastern, while he
was an American of New England stock and tradition.

Too, of New England intolerance. That brittle and un-
bending intolerance which is twin sister to decency. That
chilly, forthright intolerance without which there would
have been no New England in the first place; no embattled
and argumentative and—to tell the truth—slightly self-
righteous dissenters leaving old England aboard the May-
flower and crossing a stormy Atlantic toward an unknown
shore for the sake of their conscience. That harsh, heroic
intolerance which time and again has acted as a purgative
for democracy’s excesses. . . .

The end of their love had been melodramatic. So had
the beginning been melodramatic—melodramatic in a
garish, blatant, exaggerated Oriental manner. And for
Harrington Smith, sitting there on the veranda, the years



HE stared at her. And all at
once it was to him as though
he had never seen her before.

winged back to the pull of memory. He saw himself one evening, a few months after his arrival in Fullabad, sharing a bottle of light Algerian wine with Sarsfield O'Dwyer, not then with a handle in front of his name, nor governor of this colony, but a man in the British civil service who had been about North Africa and the Near East for a number of years: a tall, hard-bitten man whose face was marked by a ragged red scar.

They were on the terrace of the ramshackle hotel called magniloquently *Le Grand Hôtel d'Afrique et d'Albion*, which in those days was the local Mecca of all the human driftwood that had come to Fullabad with the discovery of oil.

Here, night after night, they met: adventurers mostly, gentlemen a few. And it was both ironic and pathetic that the men who palmed off cases of long-spoiled canned food on the natives made more money than those who sold sewing machines; that the men who smuggled opium made more than those who imported automobiles; that the men who traded in a ship's load of Scotch whisky made in Germany, or perhaps a ship's load of Polish cocottes trained in Barcelona, made more than the financiers who charged an honest seven per cent on an honest loan of a million pounds sterling.

BUT that's how it was. That's how it will always be wherever a boom brings quick, cheap gold. And on the terrace of the hotel—with a palm-screened orchestra of spurious Roumanian gypsies, born in the blue slime of a Ukrainian ghetto, brushing out a hiccupy, lascivious tango, and the turbaned waiters sifting through the crowd, balancing trays laden with bottles and glasses—they met, and got drunk, night after night.

They talked, gesticulated, boasted, lied, argued, bartered, cheated—then all joined hands to exploit the throng that passed below in the narrow, crooked Fullabad streets: the natives—a clashing, unlikely North African hodgepodge.

Boisterous, laughing Moroccan Jews, ludicrously topping flowing robes with dusty bowler hats, those first fruits of European progress. Barelegged vulpine desert Bedouins in earth-gray folds of camel's wool, stalking along in the insolence and dirt of their breed. Thin-featured, ruddy-skinned Berbers with a threat and crackle of steel in their tightly girt waist shawls. Impassive, grave Arabs, many with a hint of Goth or Vandal in reddish gold of hair and blue of eye. Negroes of a dozen tribes and tints, ranging from the chocolate brown of Timbuktu to the amazing shiny ebony of the Great Lakes. But workers all, wending their way home beneath the purple-vaulted evening, eager for the lean comforts of their own hearths after a hard day's toil.

"Suckers!" commented Harrington Smith.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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'DEAD ORCHIDS
[Continued from page twenty-one]

"Meaning what?" asked Sarsfield O'Dwyer.

"Meaning that they're the fools who hold the bag—who pay the white man for carrying his famous burden."

"I've a notion," smiled the Irishman, "that we so-called white men are the bigger fools."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because they enjoy life—and we don't."

"Don't we?" The American indicated the people on the terrace. "Aren't they enjoying themselves?"

"They enjoy what they have, not what they are. But these others"—with a gesture at the passing throng—"they're different—and wise. Only emotions matter to them, not possessions. Nor do they consider their emotions a problem in ethics or morals, as we do. These Arabs—you see—they do not think when they feel, because they know life—life's essentials. And they've taught me all I know about it."

"You know a lot?"

"So much that my brother Tim—the darling saintly priest—swears there's nary a hope for me this side of purgatory."

And the Irishman changed from light wine to brandy, as did the American, and began to tell tales of Arab Africa. Tales grim, fantastic, grotesque, true—while, in the street below, the witnesses, the actors and villains and heroes of these tales, ambled along in a never-ending procession, a panorama of Africa's races; and while something tugged at Harrington Smith's soul. He wanted to fly from the terrace, to launch himself across the purple haze, to alight on the flat roof tops and look into the gayeties, the sorrows, the mysteries and passions of this colorful town. He wanted to taste life—life sweet and raw.

He refilled his glass for the third time.

"LIFE," he stammered—"where'll I find it?"

"Anywhere in Fullabad—if you have two qualities."

"Oh?"

"Curiosity—and pluck." The Irishman pointed toward the Mosque of Swords. "Go there—into the native quarter. Keep your ears open, and your eyes, and your soul. And—one more thing: don't listen to the thin, nagging voice at the back of your Puritan brain. And—later on—don't blame me!"

"Why should I?"

"Because maybe you'll find your heart's desire over there. But maybe you'll find despair. I've found both there—often. And"—touching the scar on his face—"the last time I found this."

"A fight? Did a man give you the wound?"



He looked at her more closely. "I am so grateful to you," she said. Her English was faultless.

"No—a woman. It healed. But the wound in my soul has not healed. At least, not yet."

There was a silence. Then, suddenly, Harrington Smith rose. He went to the door.

"Where are you going?" inquired O'Dwyer.

"Out yonder. To seek—"

"Well, I hope you'll find what you seek. And—here, take this. It may come in handy."

And the Irishman passed over his Spanish swordstick, a hollow cane cleverly hiding a long, snaky Toledo blade. And Harrington Smith stepped out into the smoky, darkening evening—twenty years ago—the wine and brandy stirring potently in his brain.

SO young he was—so pitifully young! So eager to see life, to taste it and smell it.

Life different from the sane, sober one he had left behind in Boston's Back Bay—expressed there by codfish balls for Sunday breakfast and bound sets of Emerson and Longfellow and respectability and the Gospel according to St. Luke.

Life opening up before him, here in Fullabad's native quarter, like a pit crammed to the rim with a picaresque, exciting, richly exotic motley.

A winding lane, filled with coiling shadows, cut by the crimson, brutish flare of a torch that showed improbable wares. A shop where carelessly stacked-up coffins were for sale, the vender squatting on the topmost and loudly proclaiming their cheapness and excellent quality. A tattooed, Negress suckling a naked child and crooning a barbarous, jungly lullaby; and, cross-legged by her side, incongruously, a white-bearded, white-bur-noosed Arab, detached, imponderable, dignified, rather tragic—like a figure out of Hebrew Scripture. A sinuous, ironic twisting of bazaars where everything could be purchased, including the owners, the owners' wives, and the owners' daughters.

From a black postern a woman's sudden high-pitched laughter—as typically, exaggeratedly Eastern as the Mosque of Swords that haunted the horizon in the orange west. A gigantic Moor, drunk with hashish, caressing the shoulder of the painted Tunisian dancing boy who tripped by his side. A blind, red-bearded, green-turbaned dervish, cutting through the throng as a knife cuts through cheese and howling his loud, fanatical, hysterical incantations:

"By the Horns of the Archangel Gabriel! By the Sword, the Lamp, the Mace, and the Pulpit! By the Secret of Abd-el-Kadir the Great Saint! By the Battle Cry of the Prophet Mohammed! Verily I declare there is no God but the One God—the Omniscient—the All-Merciful . . ."

There were glimpses everywhere of an alien world that came to Harrington Smith out of the nowhere—mere fragments of alien souls that drifted

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Nothing Gives Me Indigestion

..since I've discovered "TUMS"

MENUS used to be a nightmare for Frank Scott. Not that he was fussy. But the very foods he liked best invariably brought on indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas. And how he hated to pass up his favorite foods such as hamburger, onions and radishes, cucumbers, hot biscuits, mince pie and coffee.

But that's all changed now—since he discovered Tums. Today he says, "You name it and I'll eat it!" and enjoys any food without fear of the after-effects that used to distress him. He simply eats three or four of these delicious, antacid mints after meals—that's all. And now he smokes all he wants,

too, without fear of discomfort!

Almost everyone (about 7 out of every 10 Americans) is at times distressed by indigestion due to wrong food combinations, hurried eating, nervous strain, excessive smoking, etc. For almost immediate relief when some favorite food or some other cause brings on a nauseating gassy fullness or a sour, burning sensation—simply eat three or four Tums after meals—often one is enough.

You'll like Tums! These refreshing little candy-like mints are so much safer and more agreeable than old-fashioned disagreeable preparations. Handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll at any drug store—Only 10c.

GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying Tums in the convenient \$1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.



TUMS ARE ANTACID...NOT A LAXATIVE. For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable corrective **NR** (NATURE'S REMEDY). Only 25c.



P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

DEAD ORCHIDS

[Continued from page twenty-three]

back into the nowhere, leaving no trace—and he loved it.

He loved it all. He loved the riot of it, the tumult, the reckless confusion. Loved the dirt and splendor, the rags and silk. Loved the very scents—scents of jasmine and scents of offal; scents—the simile came to him—as strong as the beat of a temple gong. This, he thought, was life itself, real life. This was freedom.

Oh, yes; O'Dwyer was right. People here did not think when they felt; only emotions mattered to them, not possessions.

There were no fetters here forged by a strictly Calvinistic God; no galls and shackles of rigid New England restraint; no blighting inhibitions fashioned by Puritan tradition and prejudice.

He was happy, was keenly elated, laughed out loud—and nobody turned to look and see why he laughed. Doubtless he laughed because life was golden and he so young—and these people knew, understood. And he continued on his aimless way, drinking in the sounds, the sights, the odors.

Once he tripped, nearly fell, over a tiny tame pot-bellied buffalo cow that was wallowing and nosing and grunting in a puddle of warm slime.

"Damned unsanitary!" said the Bostonian in him.

"Glorious! Picturesque! Free!" rejoined his newborn soul. "Africa! My Africa!"

And he walked on; turned into a welter of tortuous streets where life was already sinking to the purr and drone of gathering night. Streets like a grotesque, incredible stage setting for a grotesque, incredible melodrama.

Adventure in these streets, he told himself. Romance. Oh, yes! Adventure was always just around the corner. And presently adventure popped out at him as, crossing an unlit square, he heard a cry—a cry of infinite fear.

A woman's shrill cry in Arabic—he had learned quite a little of the language since his arrival in Fullabad:

"Help! Help—for the sake of Allah!"

Rapidly he wheeled in the direction whence the cry had come—a deserted alley that opened between a wilderness of rickety houses like a sinister black maw—and rushed in.

He saw, ghostly pale in the light of an oil lamp that flickered above a stable postern, a young girl—Arab by every sign of garb and feature—defending herself against three ruffians.

They were not natives, but Europeans: rats of the Liverpool slums; unsavory specimens of that most unsavory human mishmash which oil had brought to Fullabad.

HE ran up. At once, without stopping to argue or to ask questions, the men turned away from the girl and attacked Harrington Smith.

The odds were against him. At one and the same time he was trying to land blow, to parry blow, to side-step kicking feet and crashing elbows. A hard knuckle struck his left temple. An open palm hit the point of his chin. A heavy boot sought and found his groin. He stumbled.

They closed in on him like hounds pulling down a stag. And then suddenly he remembered the sword cane which O'Dwyer had given to him.

He jumped back. He released the catch. He had a knowledge of fencing. He drew the blade and used it like a rapier, with carte and tierce, with lunge and thrust and quick staccato riposte, pinking here a leg, there a grimy hand.

The hilt of the weapon throbbed and quivered in his hand, while the point danced a swishing, triumphant saraband—there in the purple African night, with the oil lamp winking mockingly—as if the blade's ancient turbulent, wicked Spanish soul had awakened from the sleep of centuries.

There was a warm, thick squirt of blood—and "Aw—crites!" yelled the biggest of the three ruffians.

He was the first to seek safety in flight. The others

followed, hurrying away as fast as they could; and Harrington Smith was about to run after them when he heard a soft voice:

"No, no, *effendi*."

It was the Arab girl speaking. He looked at her more closely; saw her—since her veil had been torn to tatters in the struggle—young and very lovely.

"I am so grateful to you," she continued. Her English was faultless. She had learned it—he discovered afterward—as a child, when she had spent several years in London with her parents. "I am nervous—frightened. Will you take me home?"

"Of course. Where do you live?"

"Over there." She pointed to the great house on the hill, the old Moorish mansion which, twenty years later, was destined to become Harrington Smith's official residence.

WHEN, rather severely, being young himself, he demanded what she was doing out alone at night, she replied that she had been visiting an old aunt who was bedridden. And as to going out alone—why, she went on to say, with a bitter laugh, the streets of Fullabad had been safe for the prettiest girl ever so lonely before the coming of the foreigners, the Europeans.

She interrupted herself.

"Forgive me," she added quickly. "I forgot that you—"

"I happen to be an American."

They smiled at each other. She asked:

"And Americans are different from—?"

"You bet!"

"Will you tell me about it?"

"Try and stop me!"

So, walking beside her toward her home, he told her a great deal about America. He told her, too, a great deal about himself.

He told her with his native Yankee wit and aptness of phrase. For, in spite of what Europeans have to say on the subject, there is nobody as easy and unself-conscious in his relations to the other sex as a young American—perhaps as a result of pioneer ancestry, of the days when men and women toiled side by side in the raw glebe of the New World and faced the same dangers; perhaps as a result of a certain homespun common sense and decency.

Fathma listened. She was keenly interested. Then, when he asked her about herself, she answered quite as unself-consciously. Indeed, there was between these two, at once, an amazing mutual liking, an instantaneous leaping of barriers racial, religious, cultural. And she confided to him that her parents were dead; that she had neither brothers nor sisters; that, these last seven years, she had lived with her grandfather.

Si Mehmet el-Granadi was his name; and it appeared—though some of this Harrington Smith heard afterward from Sarsfield O'Dwyer, who was a mine of information when it came to local matters—that he was an Arab aristocrat of the old school.

A Tory of Tories he was. A man who hated Europe, Christianity, the West and all its works. A man unwilling as well as incapable of adjusting himself to new conditions and new ethics; of understanding this present era in which dollars and cents, mechanical progress, and foursquare business intelligence had superseded his own more picturesque, if less practical, scaling of life's essential values.

So, his bitterness increasing year by year, he had finally shut himself off from everybody, even from his co-religionists, his Arab friends of other days, whom he accused of having sold out to the foreigners; and he lived now alone in his ancient palace—lived there with his granddaughter Fathma, an old Saharan Negress who had been a family slave before the British annexation of the country, and his long, amber-tipped hashish pipe.

This pipe was his one consolation. He smoked it continuously, morning, noon, and night; living again—on



the drug's fragrant silver-gray gossamer wings—the life he had once lived and loved.

"The hashish," said Fathma, "is killing him."

"Then why don't you persuade him to give it up?"

Here was a typically American question, topped by an answer as typically Arab:

"Why should I? It is his own fate."

Harrington Smith was a little shocked.

"Oh—but—!" he exclaimed.

Fathma shrugged her shoulders.

"Besides," she added, "it is making him happy."

By this time they had reached the mansion. She raised and dropped the bronze door knocker. She said:

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!" he echoed. "Shan't I see you again?"

"Do you want to?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I like you."

"And I like you."

Her simple words thrilled him. Oh, yes, he wanted to see her again—often, often.

But how could that be? For he knew enough about the Orient to realize that young Moslem girls of good family received no male callers, chiefly not foreigners like himself.

HE mentioned something of the sort; and she smiled.

"Come to this gate tomorrow evening—at nine," she said. "El-Fosiha will let you in."

"El-Fosiha?"

"Our old Negress."

"But," he argued—a little nervous, a little afraid, not for himself, but for Fathma—"won't she—?"

"Gossip? Perhaps tell my grandfather? Not she! Ah"—and suddenly Fathma's voice was rather hard—"she is my slave, my property, and my will is her law."

A moment later the door opened. There was a glimpse of a shriveled old Negress beyond the threshold; a rapid handshake; and Harrington Smith returned to his room at the Grand Hôtel d'Afrique et d'Albion.

There, for a long time, he sat by the open window.

He could not dismiss Fathma from his mind. She expressed to him romance. And romance was a new factor in his life. It was something which always he had sneered at and missed; something which, a practical young American, he had deliberately smothered, perhaps because of his friends', perhaps because of his own, ridicule.

And now, tonight, romance had come to him.

He had reacted to it—demanded it—and he thought of Fathma, who at that moment was thinking of him, was calling out to the old Negress:

"El-Fosiha!"

"Yes?"

"You have been young?"

"Assuredly!"

"You—oh—you have known men?"

"Indeed!" A melancholy smile spread over the wrinkled black face and endowed it, strangely, with a fleeting suggestion of beauty. "Many men!"

"Tell me about it! Tell me about the men whom you loved—and who loved you!"

El-Fosiha sighed.

"Listen, O child of kings!" she began. "There was once a warrior—a warrior of the Gallas—a crusher of stones, a crusher of hearts—*ahee!*—strong in body, strong in red, red passion."

And el-Fosiha rumbled on, while Fathma listened with dreamy, starry eyes.

At nine on the following evening

Harrington Smith went to the ancient mansion on the hill.

The old Negress let him in and, without a word, let him out on a roof top heaped with a profusion of silken rugs and pillows, where Fathma was waiting for him.

El-Fosiha squatted down in a corner, on her heels.

Her presence disturbed the young American. He glanced at her; and Fathma caught the meaning of the glance.

"You must not mind her," she said. "She knows no English. Besides, I told you yesterday"—with that same sudden curious hardness in her voice—"she is my slave, my property. So what does she matter?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MY WIFE'S gone home to MOTHER...



... but I still have A-1 coffee!

"No, not a quarrel—just a two weeks' visit. And believe me, two weeks can make a house seem lonely! But I haven't had a single cup of poor coffee—not with G. Washington's in the house!"

Today men as well as women are finding out that with G. Washington's it doesn't take skill to make real, fine-flavored coffee!

And it doesn't take work either. You put a teaspoonful of brown crystals in a cup, add hot water and serve. No waiting before meals, no cleaning up afterward. Every cup of coffee you make is a 3-second masterpiece!

G. Washington's is real coffee that

has been brewed for you. It doesn't go stale like ordinary coffees. It is economical because even the tiny can makes as many cups as a large can of ordinary coffee!

Try this new and unbelievably easy kind of coffee-making yourself. Get G. Washington's from your grocer. Or write for FREE SAMPLE to G. Washington, 217 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, New Jersey.

G. Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee part of the coffee bean

This Man's Wife Teaches Him To Enjoy His Pipe

Finds New Tobacco When All Others Fail

Walter H. Noble is a lucky fellow. For not every man has a wife who knows what to do when his pipe goes back on him and he's at his wit's end to know what to do to get real smoking satisfaction. Let Mr. Noble tell you in his own words what happened:

19 W. 44th Street
New York City
Oct. 2, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

For many years now I have been just an "off and on" pipe smoker, for I have never been able to find a tobacco that had no bite and no unpleasant aftertaste. During this time I've smoked many, many brands—some costly, some cheap. My sister even sent me an expensive pipe from Paris, but it was no go.

The pipe was all right, but not the tobacco. Last summer while up in the country my wife saw one of your advertisements in a magazine, and sent for the sample offered. The sample never arrived, but your letter stating that it had been mailed did. This stimulated my desire to try your tobacco, so I bought some. I want to say that I am grateful to you for bringing this fine tobacco to my attention. I really enjoy my smoke now, and my pipe has at last come into its own.

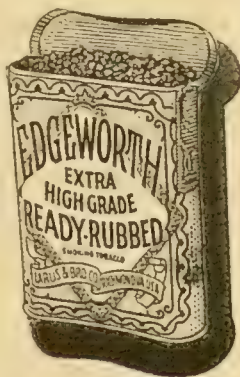
Most cordially yours,
Walter H. Noble

P. S. Never mind the sample now. Send it to some other man who may have had the same trouble I did. If he tries it I feel sure that he will be a convert.

There's a man who'll leave no stone unturned to find just the tobacco he wants! Even when his Edgeworth sample failed to arrive, he made up his mind to give this tobacco a try anyhow. And, happily, he found what he wanted. Speaking of samples, that was a thoughtful P. S. that Mr. Noble appended to his letter—just the kind of good luck one enthusiastic pipe smoker would wish another.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 107 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a generous sample packet of Edgeworth. If you get the smoking enjoyment out of it that most men do, you can be sure of finding the same fine quality in the Edgeworth you buy at any tobacco store, for Edgeworth quality is always the same.

You can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from 15-cent pocket package to pound humidor tin. And, by the way, you'll enjoy listening to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth Factory over the N.B.C. Blue Network every Thursday evening.



[DEAD ORCHIDS Continued from page twenty-five]

"Even so—won't you—?"

"Very well."

With quick Arabic gutturals she dismissed the Negress, who salaamed and left; then turned again to Harrington Smith:

"You like me as much as you did last night?"

"I like you ten times as much."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive!"

They laughed. They sat down side by side. They spoke of this and that and the other thing; spoke—being young—a great deal about themselves.

He noticed—noticed it more and more the oftener he saw her—that, though she talked about herself, she touched only on the outer gestures of her life, while, somehow, she seemed to hide her inner life from his probing, inquisitive Western mind, thereby creating a queer atmosphere of spiritual elusiveness. But at first he did not care. He did not care, because he loved her. And a week later—by this time she had given him a key to the back gate and he would join her on the roof top without el-Fosiha's guidance—he said to her:

"I love you!"

She did not reply. She reached out her arms and kissed him. She clung to him without moving, her eyes closed, her lips parted.

He felt the magic of her beauty, her perfume, her touch, with the blurred indistinctness of overwhelming desire—and he never knew how long he remained, never knew how he left her.

There was just a vague memory of his crossing the black streets, returning to his hotel, sitting there by the window and thinking: "I love her—and—oh, yes, she loves me!"

HE saw her again the next day and the next and the next. His passion grew, his devotion, his tenderness. And—for, in spite of his new-found romanticism, he was still the same young American, clean-cut and decent in a matter-of-fact way—one night he asked her:

"When shall we marry?"

"Never!"

Her answer amazed him.

"But"—he stammered—"don't you love me?"

"I do."

"Then—why—?"

"When soul speaks naked to soul," she quoted the Arab proverb, "'what need is there of a priest's babbling?'"

He argued, insisted. But she did not budge; said finally:

"In your Christian ceremony you give a ring to the bride—don't you?"

"Yes."

She pointed at a signet ring, a

family heirloom, which he wore.

"Give it to me. I shall keep it as long as we love each other."

"Then you will always keep it!"

"Always, best beloved!" she whispered as she slipped the ring on her finger.

So the days passed into weeks; and every night he would join Fathma.

A new life had come to him—a life cosmic and elemental, a life charged to the brim with an overwhelming loveliness, a radiant, stainless beauty. Yet, gradually, he realized that his happiness was not complete—and he knew the reason. It was the result of what he had felt the first time he had met her on the roof top: her spiritual elusiveness—made yet more strange, more maddening, by the very contrast of their physical intimacy.

IT seemed as if her soul evaded his in a perpetual game of hide and seek of which the rules were her own.

This he attributed to her Oriental subtlety; and he was wrong. She was not subtle. Her actions—and it was typical of her race—proceeded directly from her emotions, without the intermediary of the analytical brain. To her only facts counted; not the why and wherefore.

He did not understand this. It worried him. He should have remembered—did not remember—what weeks earlier O'Dwyer had told him:

"These Arabs—you see—they do not think when they feel."

He, on the other hand, did think; and thinking made him uneasy—thinking what *she* might be thinking. He tried to talk it out with her and got nowhere.

"Dear," he asked her one day, "of what are you thinking?"

"Of nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Why should I be thinking of anything—while I have you in my arms?"

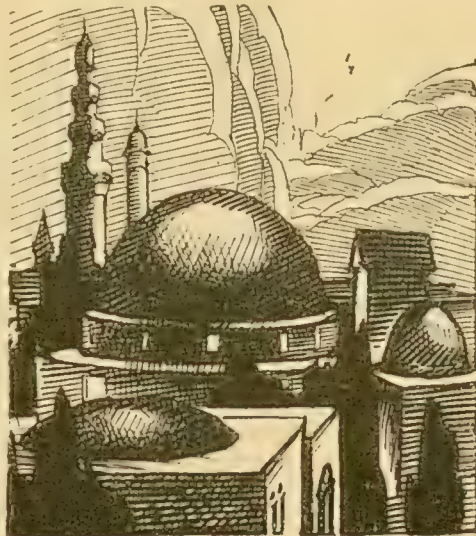
At last he gave up delving into her soul. It was easier, he decided, to kiss her mouth, her throat. In the passion of the moment thoughts vanished; were, at least, postponed.

They loved each other. Nothing else mattered. And their love would never end.

Never!

Then there came an evening when, his work at the office over, he had gone for a ride in the desert—riding there alone with the great peace and the enormous vaulted silences of the Sahara, with no sign of human existence except occasionally the dramatic silhouette of a Bedouin, astride his camel, looming up on the horizon.

And there, as he rode, the strength of the bare land, the wilderness, came to him with a mighty sweep, a feeling of triumphant elation, a falling away of the useless burdens of life, the useless worries and ambitions



and—oh, yes!—the useless thoughts. What, he reflected, was the good of thinking?

He loved Fathma, and she loved him. Here was a fact—a vital, eternal fact. And he was eager to see her, to hold her in his arms, to kiss her—and he spurred his mare to a furious gallop and returned to Fullabad.

He stabled his horse. He went quickly to the house on the hill. He opened the gate. He crossed a number of dark rooms.

Then, suddenly, he stood still. He was frightened—terribly. For, drifting down the stairs, he heard a cry—a shrill cry of pain—a piercing, agonized cry.

Oh—what was it?

Was it—Fathma? Had her grandfather discovered—? Was he beating her—perhaps killing her?

He hurried out to the roof top. Then he stopped dead in his tracks—horrified, not believing his eyes.

There, prone on the ground, lay el-Fosiha—and her back was bared to the wicked blows of a kurbash, a rhinoceros-hide whip, that was wielded by Fathma's strong little hands.

He was appalled. He felt his hair rise as if drawn by an icy wind. Again, with a sickening thud, the kurbash descended, cutting a crimson path across the quivering black flesh.

"But," he stammered ludicrously, ineffectually, twisting the flail from her grip—"why—for God's sake—why?"

Her reply was perfectly calm and collected:

"She ruined my finest robe. She burned a hole in it."

"And for that reason you—oh—you—?"

"Is she not my property, my slave? Should not a clumsy slave be beaten?"

THERE was a silence. Hysterical laughter rose to his lips. He choked it back.

He stared at her. And all at once it was to him as though he had never seen her before.

Alien she seemed to him, and barbarous, and—yes!—darker: almost—the curious thought came to him—as if her face were covered by an opaque veil that hid her features no less than her soul.

He did not say another word. He left the roof top, the house.

He ran to his hotel—ran all the way. He knocked at the door of Sarsfield O'Dwyer's room. The latter let him in. He was in his pyjamas.

He took one look at the young American's ravaged face. He asked

no question, being a gentleman, an Irishman, a Celt, a man of queer, almost feminine imagining and understanding.

He said: "I know. It's the roaring big drunk you're after—and you need my company. Wait till I slip on some clothes, and we'll start with absinthe and proceed gradually to champagne."

And five hours later, as, haggard and tired, they were sobering up with the help of black coffee, he said:

"I have some pull with the powers that be in the Afro-American Company. Would you like to be transferred to Egypt?"

"Yes."

"All right, my lad. I'll fix it for you."

TWENTY years ago it had happened—and here he was back again, the mightiest where once he had been the least. And he sat there on the veranda of the ancient mansion, Sarsfield O'Dwyer by his side, and listened to the far, faint pulse beats of Arab tom-toms and Negro wooden drums.

He sat there—and was suddenly startled by a sound: the sharp sound of metal striking stone. He wondered what it might have been; looked questioningly at his friend.

The latter pointed at something that glistened on the marble mosaic floor; said: "Somebody tossed it in from the outside."

Harrington Smith picked it up.

It was the signet ring, the family heirloom, which twenty years ago he had given to Fathma—and he remembered her words: "I shall keep it as long as we love each other."

He hurried to the veranda railing. He stared into the purple night.

He saw dimly, in the distance, a woman turning the corner.

"Fathma!" he called. "Fathma!"

There was no answer.

"Ah"—he heard the Irishman's soft voice—"there'll never be an answer—except maybe in your soul."

Harrington Smith did not reply. He shrugged his shoulders.

He went into the house; switched on the light, sat down at his desk; took out paper, pen, and ink; wrote to Hester Peabody back home in Boston—blonde Hester Peabody, whom he loved—oh, yes! he thought challengingly, defiantly, whom he loved.

He began:

DEAREST:

It is still very hot here. But—please—take the next boat and come to me. You see—I need you. . . .

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Do We Dare Cancel Our War Debts?

The responsible part the moratorium is playing in maintaining the security of the world

By

Jay Franklin

Also stories and articles by

Konrad Bercovici—Eugene Jones—
Bessie Thome—Conrad Richter—
Edwin Dial Torgerson.

"I'M WAITING FOR THE NEW PONTIAC"



A NEW PONTIAC 6

A NEW PONTIAC V-8

SOMETHING NEW
IN BEAUTY
AND STYLING

SIXES  V-EIGHTS
Chief of Values
ON DISPLAY
... JANUARY 7

WAR, WOE.



The cabaret charmer and her victim in this lovers' knot are Lois Moran and John Gilbert in *West of Broadway*.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 35 seconds.)

JOHN GILBERT seems to be on the edge of another comeback. I say this without knowledge of the astrological activities of Mr. Gilbert's personal planets or an analysis of his palm. It is based on a glimpse of his new film, *West of Broadway*.

The picture is nowise notable save for showing that this star is his old self again. All he needs now is a real rôle.

Gilbert, like Gloria Swanson, has accomplished the screen impossible before. He was rated a pretty good director twelve years ago. He tossed his job aside and returned to acting. He reached the top at the old Fox Studios, scored in everything from Westerns to *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and flopped out of sight. That was in 1922.

Irving Thalberg, at Metro-Goldwyn, believed in Gilbert and gave him his chance in *The Merry Widow*. That picture and *The Big Parade* lifted Gilbert to Position No. 1 among Hollywood actors, the niche now occupied by Clark Gable.

The talkies toppled Gilbert from his pedestal. But it is not impossible for this star to climb right back and fight it out with the popular Mr. Gable.

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.



Surrender, a war romance, presents Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams as the lovers.

John Gilbert on the *W*
of the Poorhouse, a

By FREDERIC

★ ★ WEST OF BROADWAY

CAST

Jerry	John Gilbert
Axel	El Brendel
Dot	Lois Moran
Anne	Madge Evans
Mac	Ralph Bellamy
Judge Barham	Frank Conroy
Maizie	Gwen Lee
Mrs. Trent	Hedda Hopper

Directed by Harry Beaumont.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This story, written by Actor Ralph Graves and Scenarist Bess Meredyth, might well be the further adventures of the nerve-racked hero of *The Big Parade*. The trench-shattered Jerry returns (with a Swedish-dialect pal, El Brendel) to find his sweetheart in love with someone else. At the height of a spree he marries a night-club entertainer. When he comes to his senses he wants to buy off the girl. But she has fallen in love with him.

John Gilbert is better here than he has been thus far in the talkies. His performance is tense, sharply defined. His voice is as good as any on the screen.

Lois Moran is the cabaret charmer and Madge Evans is briefly charming as the sweetheart who has forgotten. Miss Moran never seems anything but a very nice girl masquerading as a tough baby. She fools nobody but the astigmatic Jerry.

★ ★ CORSAIR

CAST

John Hawks	Chester Morris
Alison Corning	Alison Loyd
Richard Bentinck	William Austin
Chub Hopping	Frank McHugh
Stephen Corning	Emmett Corrigan
Big John	Fred Kohler

Directed by Roland West.
Produced by United Artists.

Roland West, who directed the first

smash melodrama of the talkies, *Alibi*, tries his luck (less successfully) with this thriller of glorified hijacking on the high seas, based on a serial which appeared in *Liberty*. Unfortunately the film is as artificial as a Hollywood Boulevard Christmas tree. Taunted by the hard-boiled daughter of a hard-boiled Wall Street broker, the ex-football hero of this yarn starts out to prove his courage. He becomes a hijacker *de luxe* and, naturally, wins the girl.

The episodes of this melodrama are none too believable. Chester Morris, who has yet to equal his first high hysteria of *Alibi*, is fairly good as the gridiron lad who makes good as a hooch pirate. Alison Loyd (the new cognomen adopted by Thelma Todd of the cheery contours) is as hard as nails as the heiress.

★ ★ SURRENDER

CAST

Dumaine	Warner Baxter
Axelle	Leila Hyams
Count Reichendorf	C. Aubrey Smith
Dietrich	Alexander Kirkland
Captain Elbing	Ralph Bellamy
Goulot	William Pawley
Claverie	Howard Phillips
Vandaele	Bert Hanlon
Gottlieb	Tom Ricketts

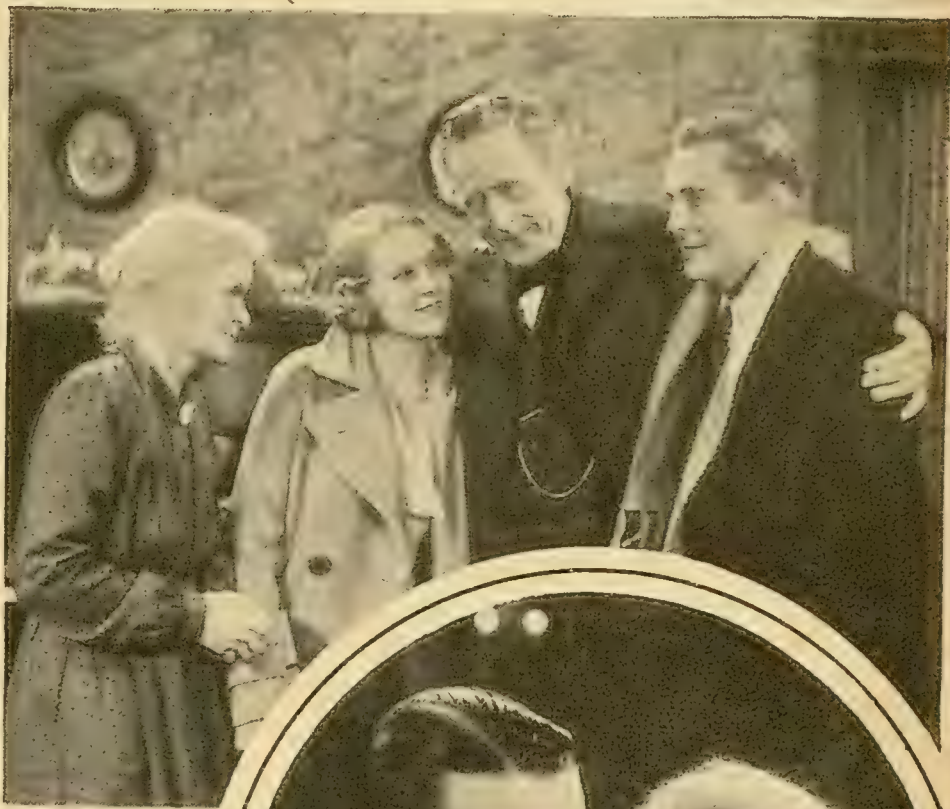
Directed by William K. Howard.
Produced by Fox.

Another bitter drama about the uselessness of war. Based on a Pierre Benoit novel, *Axelle*, it presents the romance of a French prisoner of war and the daughter of a Prussian Junker who lives in a castle near the internment camp. The romance

and WOMEN



Marilyn Miller and Ben Lyon in *Her Majesty, Love*, a comedy laid in Germany.



Mae Marsh, Sally Eilers, James Kirkwood, and James Dunn in *Over the Hill*.

ck, a Talkie Version
ree Other Pictures

JAMES SMITH

moves laboriously before a background of cruelty, hatred, and war-time prejudices.

The lovers are played adequately enough by Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams, but the best performances are contributed by Ralph Bellamy as an embittered Prussian lady-killer whose face has been shot away, and Alexander Kirkland as the peace-loving, dreaming son of a family raised for war.

This film moves slowly, gloomily. It is too heavily paced, too elaborately acted.

★ ★ OVER THE HILL

CAST

Ma Shelby.....Mae Marsh
Pa Shelby.....James Kirkwood
The children:
Johnny.....Tom Conlon
Isabel.....Nancy Irish
Tommy.....Julius Molnar
Isaac.....Joe Hachey
Susan.....Marilyn Harris
Grown up:
Johnny.....James Dunn
Isabel.....Sally Eilers
Tommy.....Edward Crandall
Isaac.....Olin Howland
Susan.....Joan Peers
Phyllis.....Claire Maynard
Ben.....William Pawley

Directed by Henry King.
Produced by Fox.

Back in 1920 William Fox conceived the idea of filming Will Carleton's poem. The late Harry Millarde made it into a box-office hit with Mary Carr as the long-suffering mother. With few changes the same story has been done into a talkie with Mae Marsh, too long absent from films, in the Carr rôle.

The rôle of Ma Shelby holds the movie record for sustained patience, nobility, resignation, and silent suffering.

Over the Hill is designed for those who take their sobs unadorned, those who still are ready to cheer the good old-fashioned virtues. New York audiences hissed the villain. Probably you will too.

★ ★ HER MAJESTY, LOVE

CAST

Lia Toerrek.....Marilyn Miller
Fred von Wellingen.....Ben Lyon
Lia's father.....W. C. Fields
Otmar.....Ford Sterling
Baron von Schwarzdorf.....Leon Errol
Emil.....Chester Conklin
Hanneman.....Harry Stubbs
Aunt Harriette.....Maude Eburne
Reisenfeld.....Harry Holman

Directed by Wilhelm Dieterle.
Produced by Warner-First National.

The able, reckless son of the von Wellingens, Berlin ball-bearing magnates, falls in love with a beautiful barmaid. The boy's comedy family, headed by Ford Sterling, tries to break up the match. The girl's comedy father, played by W. C. Fields, wants her to marry a baron (otherwise Leon Errol) who has just been divorced by his sixth bride. Need I tell you that true love finds a way?

Weak as a straight comedy, this has too little music and dancing to lift it out of the rut of mediocrity. It is typical of Hollywood that the lovely dancer, Marilyn Miller, dances but



Chester Morris and Alison Loyd, a hard-boiled pair in *Corsair*.

once, and that Ben Lyon, ex-silent hero, is called upon to sing.

Do you know that—

Clark Gable was an extra in The Collegians series a few years ago?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Champ, Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant.

★★★—Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs.

RESOLVED

A New
FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

NINETEEN THIRTY-TWO!

The world is one year older! And so are you, and you, and YOU. One year wiser? Well, maybe!

Sandy and Lil are glad to be rid of 1931. Most everyone is. A year filled with tough going, loss of jobs, crash of stocks, a general run of hard luck.

Maybe 1932 has brighter times in his pockets. Maybe things will be better. They've got to be! We've got to square our shoulders, tighten our belts, and work like all fire to put things back to normal.

"And normalcy begins at home," Sandy grinned after he and Lil had had a long evening's talk.

"By helping ourselves we help others," Lil agreed. "We'll not only keep from being a burden ourselves, but we'll be able to pay our debts, which will help others. And we'll also be able to buy more, to give more, and perhaps to hire more help."

"Sounds pretty, sister," sighed Sandy. "Anyway, now that we've settled our major problems and the problems of the world, do me a little thing, will you?"

"Sure, darling."

"Make a resolution that you'll never—this year, at least—eat onions."

Lil laughed joyously. "I don't eat many—often!"

"One would be too many too often."

Lil raised her hand with mock reverence. "I swear," she said. "And now, will you make a resolution?"

"Sure thing."

"Swear you won't nibble crackers in bed."

"Sold down the river to Lil. I swear! Anything else?"



This week's cover picture.

"Yes; promise me you won't leave burning cigarettes to die in the tray."

"All right. Will you promise you won't hog the bathroom for more than a half hour in the morning?"

"Why, Sandy! Oh, all right. If you'll make a resolution that you'll put the studs in your own shirts."

"Oh, Lord, what have I got a wife for? Well, here's one that will make me supremely happy. Will you, by any supreme effort, make a stab at not leaving your handkerchief tucked in the corner of every piece of furniture? I think that's the filthiest habit—honest, I—"

"Oh, is that so? I'm filthy, am I? Well, I can tell you a few things you do that—"

"Aw, come off, Lil. Don't get sore."

"Maybe you'd like to clean up a few of your habits this year. Would you mind doing something about your scalp? I

think dandruff is disgusting."

"Oh, I'm disgusting, am I?"

"Yes, just as disgusting as I'm filthy in my habits."

"I never said you—"

"You did so."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Ooo-oo-oo! Go away. I don't want to talk to you. Don't come near me! All this time you've been thinking loathsome—"

Sandy shrugged and turned away. No use trying to do anything until she wept it off. He caught sight of the new calendar and, like a small boy, stuck his tongue out at it.

(Next week's cover adventure: Look in the Mirror)

NOW Lose that Fat you hate yet never suffer a hungry moment



Just Do These Two Simple Things —Inches of Fat Melt Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly ON A FULL STOMACH. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. WITHOUT A SINGLE HUNGRY MOMENT you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

You just do two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half-hour before breakfast every morning.

Then do this about eating. FILL YOUR STOMACH—eat your fill—of lean meats, vegetables like spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., and lots of salads. Eat a lot. Eat all you can hold. Don't go hungry a minute! Cut down on fats, sweets and desserts, bread. Eat any fruit for dessert.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week
If you are a normally overweight

person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the MOISTURE-WEIGHT of your body that much. For REMEMBER, SOMETHING OVER 70% OF YOUR TOTAL WEIGHT IS MOISTURE. That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then EAT WELL of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all ON A FULL STOMACH. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—THE FILLING OF THE STOMACH TO ITS LIMIT with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—Jad Salts is urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.



\$5,000 CASH PRIZES

for Home Life Snapshots!



\$100 FIRST PRIZE

The picture of peace, contentment, and health, Baby Lois Heidt of Philadelphia is the subject of the First Prize home life snapshot.

CONTEST RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks LIBERTY will award \$400 in cash prizes for the best home life photographs submitted by non-professional photographers.

2—Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3—There is no restriction as regards size of prints to be submitted. Enlargements are permissible, but in the case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4—Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 19, 1931, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you automatically agree that in case of a photograph submitted by you being considered for a prize you will, upon request, supply LIBERTY Weekly with the negative from which the print was made. Such negatives will be returned if so desired.

5—Submit as many prints as you wish. Write full name and address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of LIBERTY Weekly for reproduction wherever desired.

6—The first week's contest closed at 12 noon, Saturday, December 5, and succeeding contests will close at noon each Saturday following until February 6, the closing date of the final contest.

7—Quality of photography does not count, except that any photograph, to be awarded a prize, must be of sufficient clearness, in the opinion of the judges, to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person sending in the best snapshot will receive the first prize of \$100, etc., as per the prize schedule appearing elsewhere on this page. In addition, a grand prize of \$1,000 will be awarded to the best photograph submitted during the entire ten weeks of the contest series.

8—Announcement of winners of each contest will be published in the earliest issue of LIBERTY consistent with careful judging.

9—Address all entries to Home Life Contest, LIBERTY Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York City.

THIS week Liberty announces the winners of the first Home Life Snapshot Contest which ended December 5. The first-prize snapshot and four of the ten second-prize winners are reproduced on these pages. Space will not permit printing the entire group, much as we would like to do so. Automatically the first-prize snapshot now becomes eligible for the \$1,000 Grand Prize provided by Rule 7. Liberty congratulates each of the successful contestants.

There is still ample opportunity for you yourself to capture a substantial prize in this contest. There are home life snapshots to be recorded in your home, too. You may even win the \$1,000 prize in addition to a weekly \$100 prize. Send in a snapshot this week. Send in others each week while the contest continues. Your chance to win is excellent—if you compete.

Get out your camera today and shoot for a prize!



Left—From a Canadian home comes this snapshot by P. A. Legere of Bridgeport, Nova Scotia. Below—We'll wager there's never a dull moment in the home life here. Photo by Verda Metzger, Lincoln, Neb. Both \$10 Winners.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

EACH WEEK

First Prize	\$100
10 Second Prizes, each \$10 ..	100
40 Third Prizes, each \$5 ...	200
—	—
51 Weekly Prizes	\$400

TOTAL PRIZES, 10 Weeks.... \$4,000

GRAND PRIZE, for best snapshot of entire contest..... 1,000

TOTAL PRIZE MONEY..... \$5,000



SEE NEXT PAGE FOR COMPLETE LIST OF DECEMBER 5 PRIZE AWARDS

These Liberty Readers Win the First Week's AWARDS

Here are the Liberty readers whose snapshot entries in the December 5 contest have been awarded the cash prizes. If you did not win this time, here's success to you in the future.

\$100 FIRST PRIZE

Frank Heidt, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$10 SECOND PRIZES

Mrs. L. R. Robinson,
Bowling Green, Ky.

Verda Metzger,
Lincoln, Neb.

Stephen J. Zand,
Forest Hills, N. Y.

W. P. Shotwell,
Great Bend, Pa.

Mrs. August Oberlander,
Waco, Tex.

John F. Rieger,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Wm. N. Thomas,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

P. A. Legere,
Bridgeport, N. S., Can.

Bradbury L. Barnes,
Providence, R. I.

William Schoenlank,
New York City.



THEY ALSO WIN!

Above—The \$10 winning entry by Mrs. William N. Thomas, Chattanooga, Tenn. Below, at left—Stephen J. Zand of Forest Hills, N. Y., won \$10 when he snapped this home life photo.

\$5 THIRD PRIZES

D. O. Stevenson, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. P. E. Cummings, Fountain, Minn.; Samuel B. Butler, New York City; Edward Salt, Alliance, Ohio; Paul L. Chamberlain, Library, Pa.; Corinne Moeschler, Salem, Va.; E. Williams, Calgary, Alta., Can.; Genevieve Corniea, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. S. J. Zirkelbach, Cincinnati, Ohio; Stephen Bakalyar, Des Moines, Ia.; O. R. Platter, North Vernon, Ind.; W. W. Parcus, West Los Angeles, Calif.; Fred Bertram, Detroit, Mich.; L. L. Slover, Aberdeen, Wash.; A. S. Macfarlane, Miami, Fla.; Henry W. Uhle, West View, Pa.; Helen P. Pickens, Wichita, Kan.; T. Turnbull, Montreal, P. Q., Can.; Frank Bentley, Missouri Valley, Ia.; Katherine Ashby, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; A. W. Tarbill, Seattle, Wash.; Eva F. Gray, R.N., Castle Point, N. Y.; N. P. Ellis, Waverly, Ia.; Mrs. Fred Johnson, Cleveland, Ohio; E. R. Kang, Callicoon, N. Y.; Swain McCracken, Atlanta, Ga.; John W. McBride, Lidgerwood, N. D.; Mrs. C. L. Schwab, Bend, Ore.; Joan Graves, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Emily Prosser, Norwood, Ohio; P. F. Wagner, Baltimore, Md.; M. E. Whiteside, Storm Lake, Ia.; Bess Gropengieser, Onida, S. D.; Ruby Perry, Fort Worth, Tex.; A. N. Pete Smith, Calgary, Alta., Can.; Emil G. Frank, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Byrdie M. Anderson, Des Moines, Ia.; W. H. Argabrite, Cincinnati, Ohio; Jennie Bailey, Youngstown, Ohio; Robert Dunke, Milwaukee, Wis.



Liberty now offers \$100 to \$500 Apiece for Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply.

Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred.

All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny.

We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

For Art's Sake

A Short Short Story

By

HAROLD TITUS

(Reading time: 5 min. 21 sec.)

THE original sign read:
"John Steele, Gunsmith."

That had been amended freshly and thusly: "Keys Fitted, Skates Sharpened; Gen'l Repairs."

This addition was compromise with change. It had galled him, to whom craft was art, to descend to drudgery, but that humiliation was nothing compared to enslavement by gangsters.

Years ago he had attended only respected needs. By day he might be putting new sights on an imported trap gun or taking up the lock of an aristocratic fieldpiece or replacing lost inlay on a collector's dueling pistol. And nights he would sit in the tiny back room and in his worn books trace the origin of an item some puzzled curator had found or thumb foreign catalogues for the precise gun a discriminating patron dreamed of carrying afield.

But sportsmen with taste grew old, scarce; fewer collected firearms. The city expanded. He was no one to hustle business. He was forced back on his books and the study of changes in guns and ammunition for soul nourishment.

Poor substitute for what had been; but when he had spent an evening so, his florid face would be less stolid as, the next day, he filed keys or tinkered otherwise for bodily sustenance. He had, at least, intervals of precious peace until the hoodlums came.

He seldom left his shop; read newspapers irregularly. Little of what occurred mattered. But he was interested in ballistics and once sat through a murder trial to observe the effect of bullet identification on the course of justice. He was well schooled there in the ways of criminals. So when the dark man came, John knew he was in for a change to which adaptation was impossible.

The dark man carried a florist's box and bolted the door behind him. He walked to the rear and dumped a submachine gun on the bench.

"The rod jammed," he said tersely. "You can fix it."

"I could," John Steele said, coloring, "but I won't."

The other grunted. "You will, and now." Then, before John's slow rage found words: "I pay well and get what I want. Eye the laundry!" The gunsmith did. The front across the way still gaped from a recent bombing. "I get what I want," the dark man said and leered.

So Steele repaired the weapon and a week later straightened a pistol magazine and soon was acting as armorer for a gang!

He was in constant nightmare and yet could not protest. He had learned at the trial of the helplessness of people set upon by gangs. Even prominent, smart people. What could he, an obscure tinkerer, do? He could not even lie well! He got out of making bombs by a narrow squeak, begging ignorance of explosives. He was so thankful for this lie's success that he did not press them to take away the sack of deadly granules they had brought. It rested beneath his bed.

He began to read newspapers, following the progress of the gang he served, watching it gain ascendancy until it was the one serious tentacle of organized crime about the city's decent heart. But he remained in quaking submission until his art was desecrated.

"The trigger," the dark one said, producing what remained of a shotgun, "went flooey. I want

it Thursday; remember, now: Thursday!"

His menace was lost to John, eying that mutilated gun. He did not need the maker's die to know its splendid lineage. The stock—it must have been a surpassing bit of walnut—was cut off at the grip; the finely engraved barrels were hacked to half their length. A work of art cut down to a hoodlum's engine! So, a painter viewing slashed canvas, a sculptor aghast at shattered marble.

Alone, he sat long with that dismembered gun to which fine craftsmen had given their hearts. He calipered the barrels, clicking his tongue. Such workmanship! Such precision! Full choked, both barrels had been, and now

only two inches of the taper was left so that belching slugs would rend a vast pattern. He knew how they worked: down the street, up to the curb where the victim waited, through the car curtains jabbed the muzzle, the city hubbub was rent by the explosion.

A gun made by artists for gentlemen, and used so. Sacrilege!

His eyes lost ire. He calipered again; only two inches of the choke were left. His eyes became dreamy, then alert.

Once more he measured.

ALL Tuesday he shaped steel disks. Other jobs came in, but he put them off. One cannot be disturbed when figuring so closely that a hair is

coarse. Until Wednesday's dawn he toiled, and finally the steel disks, each one with a vent in the center, were done.

By noon they were tamped into the barrels, a finger's length from the muzzle, and tight—tight!

He slid empty rifle shells through the breech and down against these obstructions, pouring hot wax about them. He let it cool and shook and banged the gun. The cylinders held.

Then he removed and filled them from the sack of high explosive under his bed. That done, he replaced them in the barrels, set securely in fresh wax.

Thursday night was gusty. He was reading when the dark man opened the back door and beckoned nervously. He took the gun, flung a bill, and John Steele, weary, slept heavily.

He awakened early, rose, and hailed a newsboy. He sat by his bench and scanned the type under the screaming headlines:

A mysteriously exploding shotgun, functioning as a bomb, saved a minor racketeer who was "on the spot" Thursday night, killed three of the city's most powerful gangsters, threw two more, wounded, into the hands of the police with sufficient evidence against them to assure long sentences, wrecked a murder car, and did more than all authority has been able to do in ridding the city of gunmen. . . .

John Steele read that much carefully; the remainder hastily. Then he ate breakfast, put on his apron, and set to fitting a handle on an electric sweeper. He whistled lowly as he worked and remarked to himself that even an artist who is forced to tinker is not completely helpless in this changing world.

THE END



The



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Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked.

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See radio page of local newspaper for time

CAMELS

Made FRESH - Kept FRESH

Tortured

*The Tragic Price of
a Woman's Honor*

By

ROSITA FORBES

Pictures by CHARLES DEFEO



Words halted when I compared the tortured face beside me with the serene expression of the soldier as I had last seen him.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 45 seconds.)

IT was six o'clock and the dew was drying on the Indian plain, though it still lingered in the cups of the Judas flowers. Round and round I rode with a subaltern who tried hard to talk of somebody's chance for the Army Cup, or somebody else's antics at the club; but we were both too miserable to be coherent.

"You're letting your imagination run away with you," said the boy at last, and kicked his pony into a gallop. We raced along the tan, the March sun in our faces, and for each of us the hoofs hammered the same refrain: "Now—right now—a man is being hanged for a crime he didn't commit."

"It's so awful not to be able to do anything!" I gulped. In silence we considered the case which had stirred Lucknow to emotional depths of which hitherto its prac-

tical, sporting, none-too-imaginative soldier folk had been unaware.

A money lender had been murdered in the bazaar. Doctors fixed the time of death between 2 and 4 A. M. Several people saw Sergeant Smith go into Shylock's house earlier in the evening. Nobody saw him come out of it except a native watchman, who swore that three o'clock struck just after the soldier left. There was no apparent reason why the man should lie, but his evidence would have been valueless if the sergeant had been able to give any account of his actions on the fatal night; but he maintained an obstinate silence, so that he was arrested and eventually handed over to the civil authorities for trial.

Public opinion demanded an acquittal, but the circumstantial evidence was too strong. Smith was condemned to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. And subsequently every officer, from the colonel to the subaltern with whom I rode, ordered, threatened, pleaded, and almost went on their knees in the condemned man's cell without inducing him to speak.

"I'll never believe he did it," I reiterated at my own gate.

"Nobody does," retorted my companion.

Hurrying through the back veranda to avoid the reproachful air of the disheveled breakfast table, I almost fell into the arms of the colonel's wife, who dropped some month-old magazines to greet me.

"I looked in to ask your little sewing woman to do her worst with my red tea gown," she said.

SOULS

"Splendid. She's only too glad to get all the work she can. I never know how she manages, with that drunken brute of a husband. I think he's a little mad: those curious light eyes terrify me."

"They terrify her much more," observed Mrs. X, lighting a fresh cigarette from the stump in her hand.

Footsteps sounded on the veranda. "There she is now, so I'll leave you my rags. Ask her to see what she can do with them, will you, and I'll call back to hear the verdict?"

The words, lightly uttered, sent our thoughts back to the tragedy of the morning. Mrs. X paused at the door.

"If I knew the name of the woman, I think I would shoot her myself," she said.

"Woman! What woman?" I muttered, wondering how much of all this was real.

"Well, where else do you think Smith spent the night? He's shielding someone, of course. George has been interviewing people since the dawn, but it was too late. He couldn't even get a reprieve. Oh, what's the use of talking of it now? I'm off."

The door slammed. With a sigh I turned to the veranda, where Susie Kaye bent over a sewing machine. The morning's stress appeared to be reflected on everyone's face. Certainly there were new lines round the mouth and eyes of the master farrier's wife.

WITH a convulsive start she dropped her work. "You startled me so!" she said—and stared over my shoulder as if ghosts walked behind me.

For a moment I wondered if fear had unhinged Susie's never very stalwart mind.

"Don't touch me!" she exclaimed, and added in a high-pitched crescendo: "You wouldn't if you knew!" Her mouth worked; her face was contorted.

"I can't explain," she said, and the lines which dragged at her nostrils hardened into pits of shadow, "but 'he' always understood."

My mind rocketed uncomprehendingly to the handsome features of the master farrier, just as the first strokes of a stable bell floated across the lines. With a wild protest, the woman tore her hand away from me.

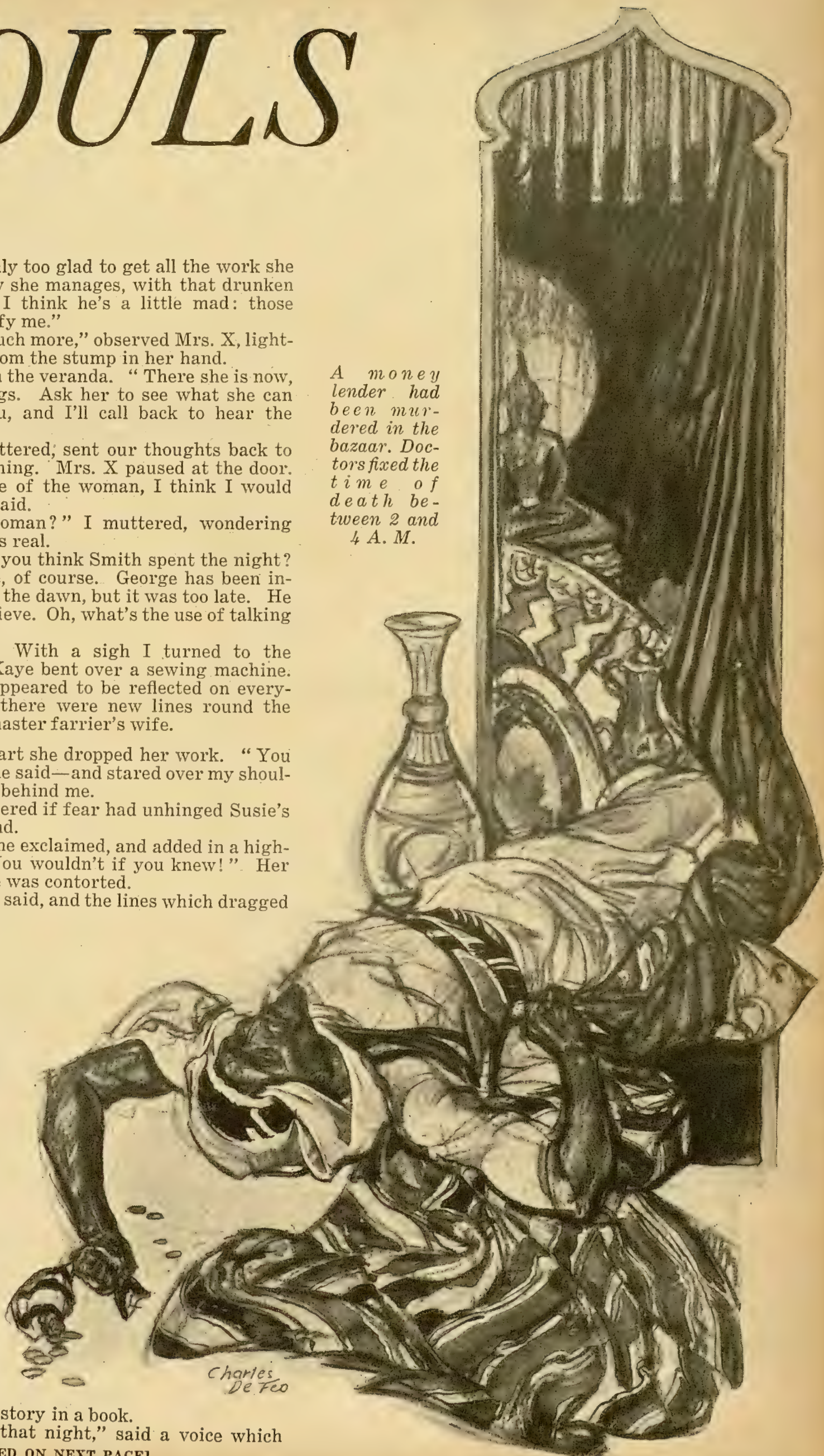
"Not that," she shrieked—"not that! I can't bear any more!" and fell across the table.

By this time I'd gone through so much emotion that I acted without thinking; and even when, restored by brandy and smelling salts, Susie began pouring out her confession, I could hardly realize that I was not reading a story in a book.

"'He' was with me that night," said a voice which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A money lender had been murdered in the bazaar. Doctors fixed the time of death between 2 and 4 A. M.





Now looks and feels like a new woman, thanks to DR. EDWARDS

DON'T let your skin get blotchy — don't let headaches dull your eyes and fill your forehead with wrinkles. This very night, give Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a trial. For 20 years, they have helped thousands banish unsightly blemishes and pimples; have made dull cheeks bloom again with girlish beauty.

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An efficient substitute for calomel and much easier to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets get at the cause of so many poor complexions. They help nature restore normal action in liver and bowels and sweep out deadening poisons of constipation.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]
gasped for breath. "It was me who sent him to his death!"

Across unlimited space, through eons of time, we stared at each other.

"I was afraid Tim would kill the children in front of me," said the seamstress, and I had a horrible vision of the farrier's massive hands clutching small helpless bodies.

"Tell me the whole story," I said.

"Marriage hasn't meant very much happiness to me," said Susie. "If I hadn't been so afraid of Tim, things would have been better; but it's just not in me to be brave. I tried for the babies' sakes when he used to knock them about, but it always made me sick to see his arm go up for a blow. I was always creeping away with the children to hide them. It was like coming out of sunshine into the dark when I had to go back and talk to him. The sergeant was the only person who understood. We didn't see very much of each other, but we were such friends—just friends.

"We used to laugh together—I was afraid to laugh with Tim—and we always had lots to say to each other. I didn't see where we were drifting. 'He' was all the happiness I had, and but for 'him' I think the children would have starved. 'He' used to give me clothes for them, and food." How she avoided her lover's name! It was just "he"—the being upon whom her life had hung.

"Never a penny for myself," said Susie, and a red stain accentuated her cheek bones. "It was not his money, it was just 'him' I needed. I felt so safe! Don't think I'm making excuses. I'm not. But I can't help thinking sometimes that Tim knew. It seemed almost as if he made it easy for us to meet, and then afterwards he used to taunt me—not in so many words, but by implication.

"THAT last night," she began—and stopped, while her eyes dilated till they looked black beneath the swollen lids. "Johnny was ill, and I had no money for the doctor; no money to buy milk. Tim had gone to Cawnpore, though he knew the boy was ill. I was glad he was out of the house, for Johnny was so frightened of him.

"Tim laughed at me as he left. 'You behave yourself,' he said, 'or I'll break every bone in the children's bodies.' And yet, I think he knew."

The woman's eyes were awful.

"Knew what?" I asked.

"Knew that 'he' would come. It was Tim's way of torturing me, never to let me be quite sure."

"But why did you let him come?" I expostulated.

"I had no way of sending word. 'He' had promised to bring some medicine and things, and we always met at night for fear of gossip.

"Johnny was terribly ill. I was frightened. I wanted 'him' to go," said Susie, "but I was half off my head. There was so much to be done at first, and then—" She hesitated and her whole face softened. "We just forgot."

At what a price had Susie gained her few hours' forgetfulness!

"Why didn't you tell someone—anyone? Didn't you know they would help you?"

"I wanted to," said Susie, "but 'he' wouldn't let me. We knew that if it were found out Tim would kill us all."

There was a long silence.

"I still feel Tim knows," she muttered at last. "He's so pleased with himself, and always he talks of 'him.' Talks of a woman who let a man hang to save herself; taunts and mocks and laughs; says he wouldn't believe a woman could be such a coward, so wicked; wonders who she is. I've crept away a score of times, ready to tell the whole thing to the colonel. But 'he' wouldn't let me. I promised 'him,' if ever it were found out, to do as 'he' told me. 'He' always said we mustn't shirk the price. 'He' wanted to pay it all himself."

I tried to ask, "How could you let him do it?" But the words halted when I compared the tortured face beside me with the serene expression of the soldier as I had last seen him. The man had paid with death; but the woman would go on paying hour by hour with life.

"I am going back to England next week. You shall come with me," I said at last. But Susie protested.

"Tim wouldn't let us go." And then, with immeasurable bitterness: "He has the whip hand."

AT that moment a shutter lifted in my brain. I remembered all the discussion about the night watchman's motive. Somebody, more perspicacious than the rest, had suggested a grudge against Sergeant Smith; but half a dozen voices had countered, "He's the most popular man in the regiment—hasn't an enemy in the world."

They were wrong and Susie was right, of course. Tim had known all about her affair, and, having waited a long time for a sufficiently terrible revenge, found it unexpectedly in the venality of a night watchman.

"It's all right," I told the distraught woman. "Tim will let you go, and he'll never bully you again."

Susie's mouth fell open. Slow tears trickled down the furrows in her cheeks.

Impetuously I vowed vengeance on the farrier. But even as I stammered some incoherent threats I realized that nothing could be done. To arraign the brute who had destroyed two lives would render null and void the sacrifice of Sergeant Smith. He had a right to the silence for which he had paid with his life.

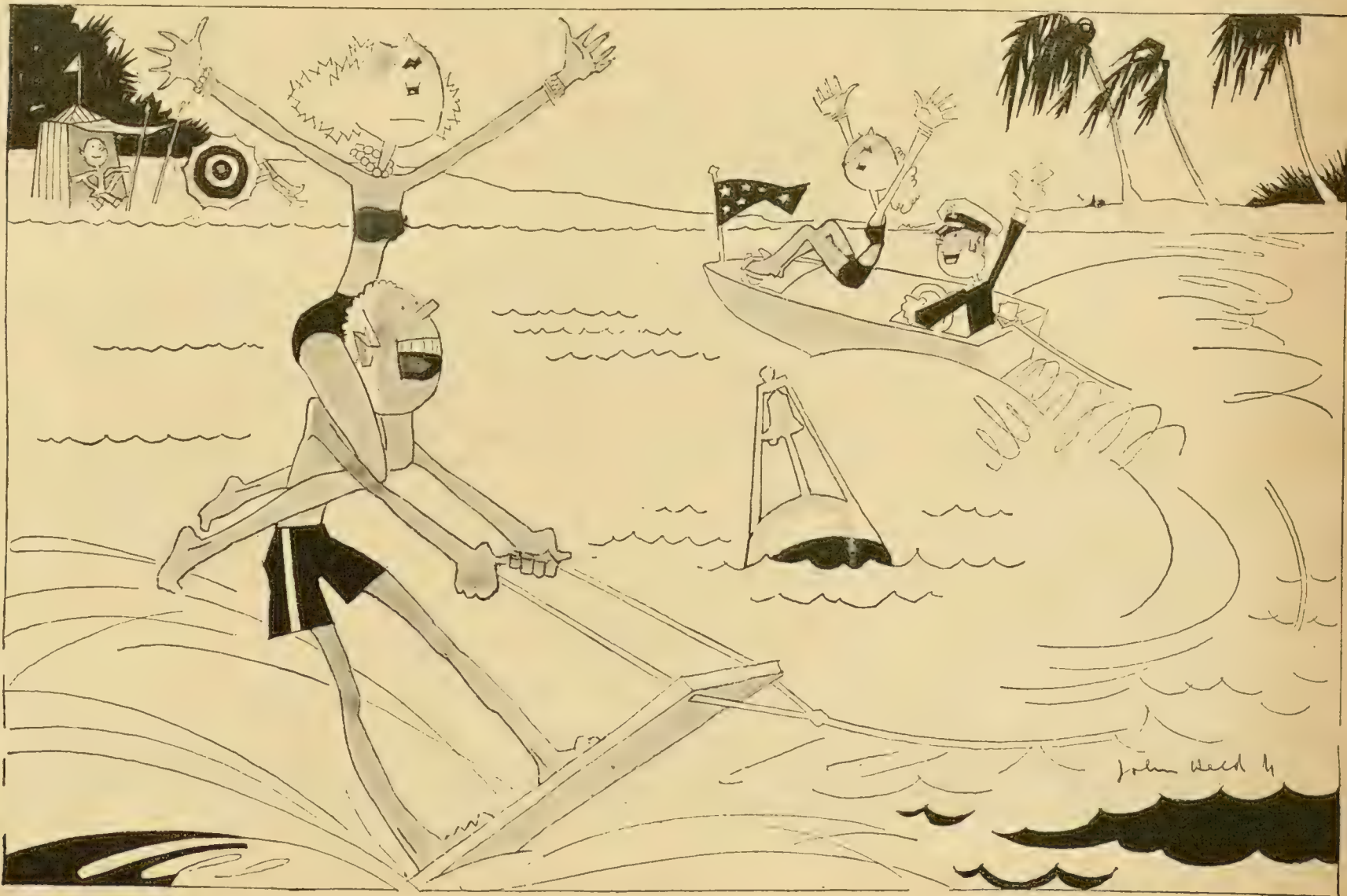
So Susie went back to England. Perhaps she married again, some kind, solid, dependable person. I don't know. But she was not the sort to stand alone. The farrier went on with his job, and his physical strength became a legend. When they told me he could break a horseshoe with his bare hands, I thought of his wife.

THE END

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



Winter Sports—The days when all were satisfied to stay North and make the best of it



Winter Sports of now—With the gentle warmth of Southern waters and sun tan

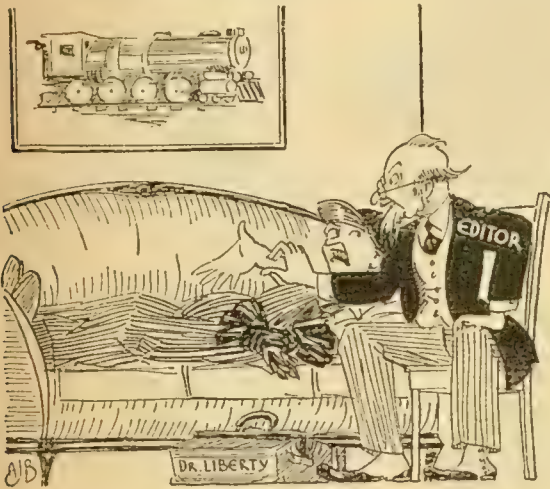


Vox

Doctor Liberty Diagnoses

DENVER, COLO.—Your editorial, "May God Help the Railroads!" was good as far as it went, but it was only a beginning.

Any discussion of so complex a thing as the railroads' plight must be many-sided. So many factors are involved. Therefore I'm hoping you will dig down to the roots of this question with many more editorials such as the one you pub-



lished, as well as with more articles such as those by Theodore Dreiser and Daniel Willard.

However, you have already printed enough so that I'm picturing Liberty's editor as a physician at the bedside of the sick railroads.

Keep up the good work. Getting the railroads on their feet again is vital to the nation's prosperity.—*A Railroad Man.*

Should Churches House the Needy?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Liberty, of all the articles you've ever published, nothing made me feel better than to read Rupert Hughes' article, "Why Not Open the Churches to the Poor?"

My congratulations to the author, and may God grant him everlasting strength and success in accomplishing the benevolent work he is doing in this wonderful crusade.—*New Yorker.*

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.—The article by Rupert Hughes captioned "Why Not Open the Churches to the Poor?" seems, by its tone, to have been intended to bait the gentlemen of the cloth.

I may ask, why the churches? There are any number of buildings better equipped for this method of relief—for example, the armories. Surely the National Guard has thousands of cots, multitudes of field kitchens, and, what is more important, its armories are already equipped with sanitary facilities sufficient for a much larger number of people.—*John P. Curry.*

YORK, PA.—I believe Rupert Hughes' challenge to the clergy of these United States to be the real solution to the

winter's problems. But why confine this challenge to the readers of Liberty? Why not broadcast it and spread this gospel?—for it is truly gospel.—*J. Fred Shaffer.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Funny that Liberty would print such stuff as Rupert Hughes' proposition. If there's a need of housing people, why not open the hotels to the poor? Hotel rooms have beds, mirrors, water, heat, light.

Thousands of hotels in our broad land wish to high heaven they had somebody in their rooms. But in churches there'd be no privacy, comforts, or sanitary conveniences.—*C. F. Donald.*

ERIE, PA.—Just a line about Rupert Hughes' article. If ever a man said as much in such a short space, please send me his name!—*John Briggs.*

The Hungry Work of Listening In on Banquets

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Give us an editorial on the fact that the present depression, though temporary, is like a war—a war in which we need fewer speakers and ballyhoo men and more soldiers fighting in the trenches.

It has been necessary, in the past, for prominent men and women to make speeches, in behalf of unemployment relief, at elaborate dinners. A great deal of money has been raised in this way. But, remember, it has not been so cheerful for the radio listeners, many of whom are hungry and depressed, to listen to the speakers doing their stuff, amid applause and laughter, at lavish banquets, probably donated, and telling the radio hearers they will be provided for.



Mrs. Annette T. Weisbach

The ballyhoo and banquets have been necessary, to get things started. But let's soft-pedal this sort of thing now, and get down to business.—*Mrs. Annette T. Weisbach.*

Mark Your Ballot

GLENDAL, CALIF.—Wonder why you continue poorly done covers?

No doubt you think them good—but why? Are they your idea of good craftsmanship—composition—subject matter?

Of course I like Liberty—it's great. But just 'cause a fine ocean liner can carry on covered more or less with barnacles, and a great man succeed with a wart on his nose, is no sign Liberty must do a ball-and-chain act with such covers.

Why not let your readers vote? Boy! What that would do for the paper industry! Thrasher would be drowned in an ocean of protests, just to show you we want better covers.—*S. A. Allen.*

The Thingamadoodle Thanks You for Nothing

HERMOSA BEACH, CALIF.—Engaging, extremely dissimilar, and aboundingly predominant, your periodical merits my most sincere and earnest felicitations. Never, in all my yesterdays, have I ever encountered a more superb thingamadoodle.



Theodore J. Lenz

Regardless of my feeling at the time, whether it be dark brown melancholy or bright yellow hope, Liberty never fails to put a tear in this musty optic, a sigh in this despondent chest. Thrice have I been so sunk that I would cheerfully have dared the illimitable ocean to come right up and slap me on the wrists. But after a tough bout with Liberty I was so prostrated with despair that I didn't have the energy even to go down to the beach and say anything at all to the ocean.—*Theodore J. Lenz.*

You Belong in a Circus

BALTIMORE, MD.—I see Princess Kropotkin raised the question of whether we should eat standing up or lying down. She quoted a certain bird by the name of Josiah Oldfield.

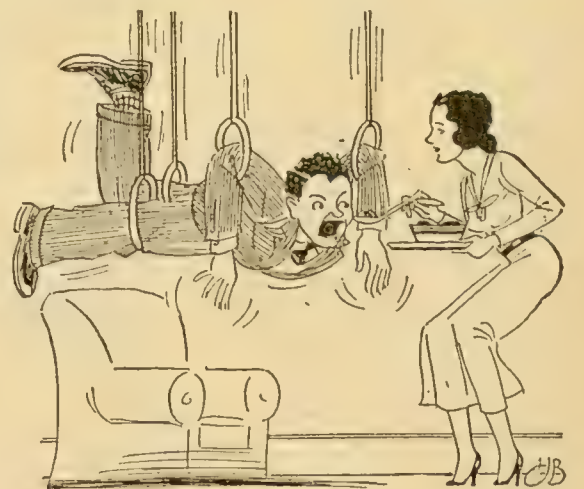
Said Josiah:

"If I had my way I would abolish chairs and tables in restaurants. Man should take his food lying down."

Well, just when we've got it fixed in our heads that we're going into a restaurant, lie down, and holler for a menu, along comes another Big Mind, in Alexandra's article, and says:

"The digestive organs operate best when a man sits down to eat."

And right there is where I come into this argument. I say both these bozos



are wrong. I always get my best results, in eating, when I take my nourishment lying horizontal, suspended from the ceiling by big metal rings attached to the ends of ropes.

When following this method I am always fed by a pretty girl, from a spoon.—*Alexander.*

Pop

Gentlemen Differ About Boose

EMPORIA, KAN.—I see that Liberty has been campaigning for beer. So I shall speak of beer. Certainly we must have beer. We must replace the gold standard with the beer standard. I would make beer legal tender in America. Think of being able to go into a bank and secure a draft (draught) of beer! Think of being able to buy groceries, clothing, hardware, etc., with beer checks. The farmer could bring in his pigs, his cattle, or his grain, and



receive beer checks, or kegs of beer, in return. I would have the government buy up all surplus wheat in America, and brew it into beer. This I term "successful farm relief."

Furthermore, Uncle Sam would buy the farmers' apples for apple brandy, their grapes for grape wine, their cotton for cotton gin, and so on down through the list, and in that manner furnish relief to every section of our nation.

As for law enforcement—I am against it in every way, shape, and form. We have a bunch of ambiguous enactments called "laws" which were concocted by a gang of dude lawyers, and we have had these laws, and lawyers, for years. Have they curbed or stopped crime? No. Then they are all a failure and should be sacked. Prohibition does not prohibit—let's junk it.

Even the death penalty has not stopped murder and banditry, so let's do away with our laws.—*Hal M. Mason.*

BATON ROUGE, LA.—Mr. GAP was apathetic. He frequently yawned when he should have been alert. One time, during one of his yawning periods, the man with the stovepipe hat put one over on him, and—when it was too late—Mr. GAP raised a big holler.

Mr. GAP (otherwise known by the longer title, Great American Public) would much prefer to walk boldly into a retail shop and buy a quart of Bourbon, or Mumm's Extra Dry, or Cascade, or what have you. He still buys all the hard liquor he wants; but he is never quite sure it isn't going to poison him.

Mr. GAP is by nature law-abiding.

However, there are certain things which he regards as his personal liberties which he prefers to law observance.

He doesn't want the old-time saloon back, because he knows that the public saloon was the public curse.

He believes that the enormous sums payable to Uncle Sam for licensed liquor would ease his tax burdens, help pay for the public schools, and even assist in highway building.

Mr. GAP has lost much of his apathy. He wants legal liquor, but he knows that what he needs first is darned good legal help to get it for him.

He knows he is in a bad way and he is most anxious for someone to come to him and lead him out of the wilderness. For those to whom he felt that he had a right to look for help have failed him miserably in his extremity. And he knows that now, when he implores them for a legal drink, they send him a committee.—*C. De Vallon Dugas.*

About General Butler's Bombshell

ELMWOOD PLACE, OHIO—Attaboy, Smedley! Get 'em told! "To Hell with the Admirals!" was just what I have been waiting for.

For someone to get those high-muckety-mucks told!

Give 'em hell, Big Boy!—*L. H.*

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Smedley D. Butler is, without doubt, a martyr. They simply would not let him run the navy, the marines, and the War Department as they should be run.

Well, that's too bad—but maybe there was a reason.—*Charles B. Smith.*

DETROIT, MICH.—As a constant reader of Liberty, permit me to say that I consider the article of General Smedley D.



Henry Rohr

Butler, in more ways than one, the best, most interesting ever printed in your magazine. Of it can truthfully be said, "Truth is stranger than fiction," because the article not only tells the interesting life work of a good, true soldier, but also sheds desirable light on the aristocratic ways and customs of a supposedly democratic navy.

No doubt every honest citizen regrets the fate of General Butler and says a hearty amen to his last sentence: "To hell with the admirals!"—*Henry Rohr.*

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI—It is to be deplored that General Butler has seen fit so publicly and sensationally to damn to perdition those admirable gentlemen, seamen and scholars all, whom he accuses of blocking his promotion to the highest rank in the Marine Corps, and

awarding the office, instead, to a highly educated, sea-going marine whom the government very probably considered more perspicacious; more mature in judgment; older in years and experience; perhaps more discreet and tactful in his relations with government officials, foreign representatives, and gentlemen of the press; possibly more tolerant of the needs and wishes of the other branches of the navy, of which the Marine Corps is an integral part, and upon which it is mutually dependent for smooth performance in the interests of our nation.—*Louis Estell Fagan 2d, Major, 2d Regt., 1st Bgd., U. S. M. C.*

FORT WAYNE, IND.—Ten thousand cheers for Smedley Butler! Spoken like a good marine—telling the navy where to head in at.

It was my good fortune to soldier under him during the World War, and all that he says about those "swivel-chair admirals" is right. They like to parade their ships and show off, but when it comes to a landing party where the going is tough—who goes? It's always the marines.—*A. L. Alie, Jr.*

Better Read Mr. Gould's Stories Lying Down

CHICAGO, ILL.—Suspense, more suspense, and still more suspense. That's a description of "Happy Landings," by Bruce Gould.

Mama, what a story!

I'm in the habit of teetering backwards and forwards on the back legs of

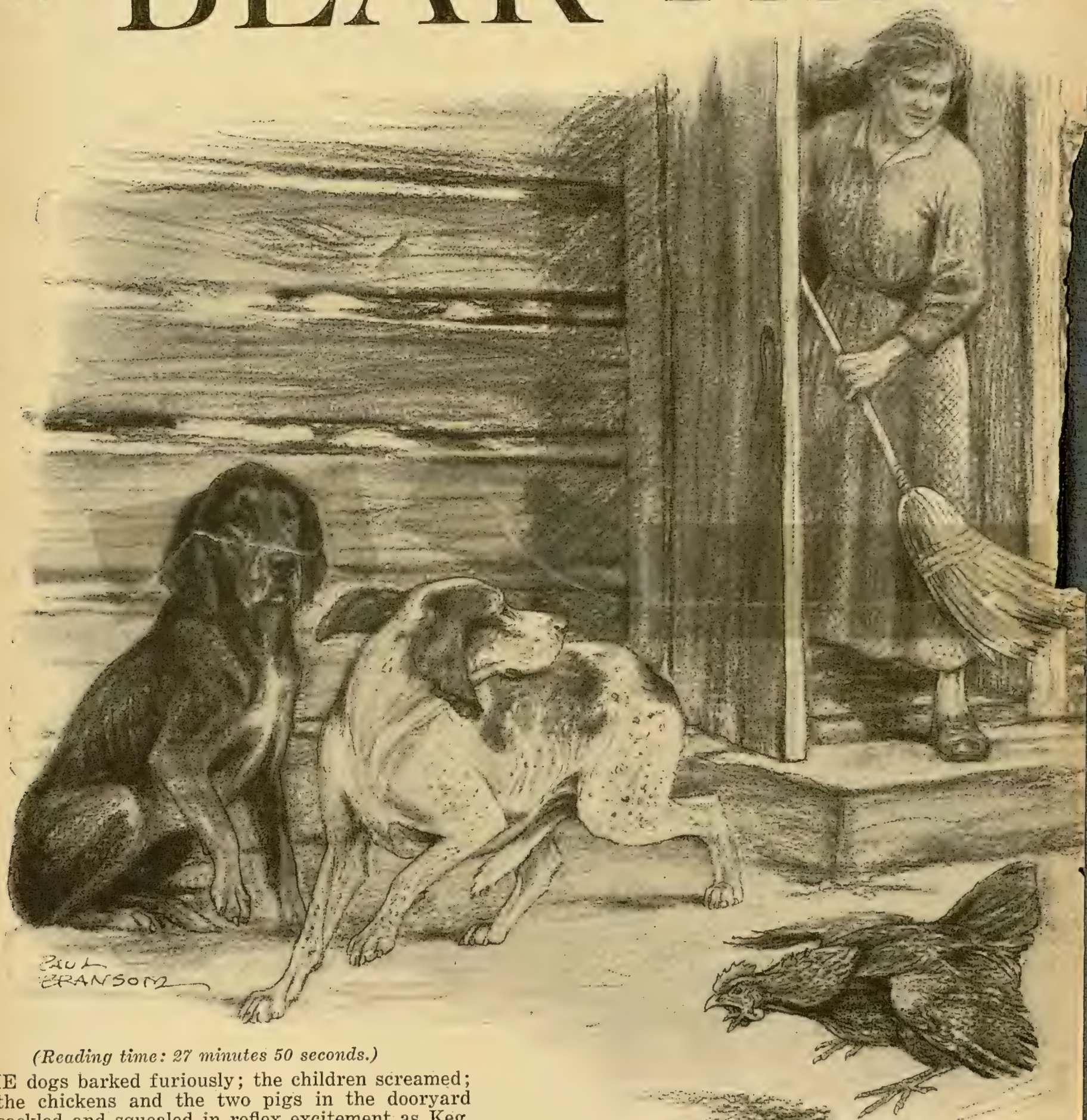


my chair when I read. It's sort of like making an ordinary chair do duty for a rocking-chair. Well, when I got to the climax of "Happy Landings"—the place where the plane went off Table Rock and dived screaming down the cliff side—I must have forgotten where I was from sheer excitement, because my foot pushed down against the floor, and over went the chair, and me, backwards!

For a second, I thought I myself was in that plane, and that it had crashed!

Tell Mr. Gould to make his next one calmer and quieter, or I'll sure kill myself.—*F. Brewster.*

The BEAR THAT



(Reading time: 27 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE dogs barked furiously; the children screamed; the chickens and the two pigs in the dooryard cackled and squealed in reflex excitement as Keg, the small pet bear, stood on his hind legs and walked staggeringly round and round after the oldest Baxter boy. His head was tilted ludicrously sidewise and back, and on it had been fastened an absurd cardboard cap. His forepaws waved beseechingly in air. It had been a difficult trick to learn, necessitating the payment of countless chunks of wild honey and lumps of brown sugar, but now that it was mastered Keg enjoyed it as much as or more than the children themselves.

Tiring of the game at last, Keg dropped to all fours, grappled lovingly with Jed Baxter in a sort of football tackle, and diligently hunted through his pockets for reward. The two old dogs rushed in loyally to join the scrimmage, and Keg turned amiably to engage them in sham battle, rolling on the ground and bawling fiercely and blissfully. The game was brought to an end by a strident call for dinner from the cabin door. As usual, Keg went ambling into the kitchen at the heels of the

children, but came swiftly forth again with a broomstick belaboring his fat stern. His feelings somewhat injured, he went off on a disconsolate ramble about the premises.

It was a poor sort of place, humanly speaking—this clearing of the Baxters'; a vague scar scratched out of the face of the wilderness, the forest beginning to win it back by slow degrees. The split-log cabin was ancient and dilapidated, the Baxter children were unkempt, and the cleared patch of corn and potatoes languished for lack of the hoe. Squalor and shiftlessness were written everywhere here. But to Keg it was a wonderful place and represented the whole of existence. No life was conceivable to him other than the pleasant languor of the drifting summer days in the clearing, broken only by troublesome sessions of learning tricks; the joys of tussling with the children and the two hounds; and the

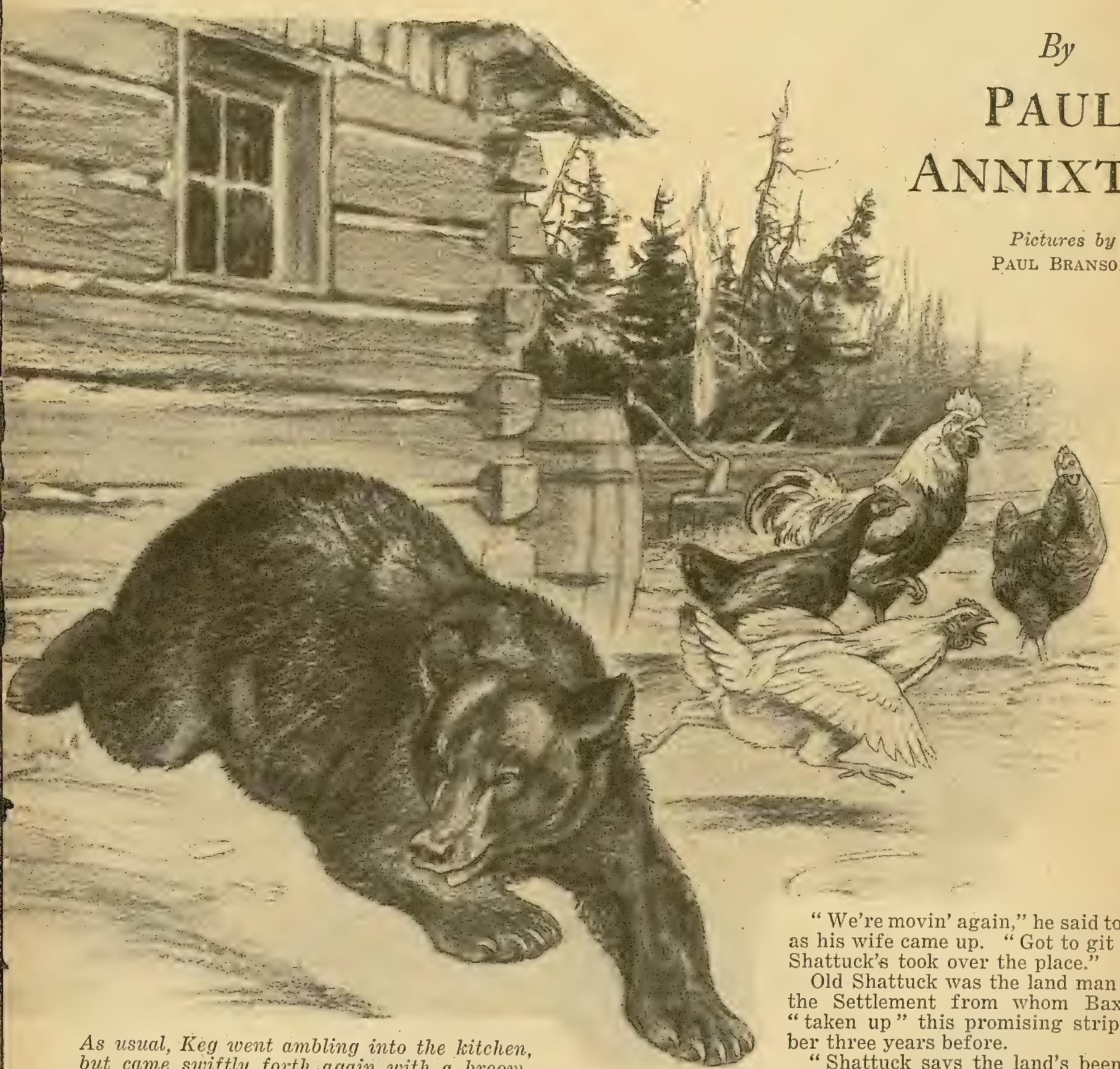
LIVED *in a* HOUSE

The Story of a Grateful Tenant

By

PAUL
ANNIXTER

Pictures by
PAUL BRANSOM



As usual, Keg went ambling into the kitchen, but came swiftly forth again with a broomstick belaboring his fat stern.

occasional long rambles through the surrounding forest with its faintly exciting, half-remembered odors.

Keg was a year and a half old now; and ever since the first month of his life, when Joel Baxter had shot his mother and taken him home a captive, he had known nothing but this clearing and human association. But today, which had been one of the few eventful days in the Baxter family history, was to change all that.

DUSK that night Mrs. Baxter, a meek, frail woman with stringy hair and hopeless eyes, sat on the doorstep watching the woods road as Baxter Senior's old cart appeared round a bend in the trail, coming from the Settlement. Baxter didn't look up from under his dusty hat brim. In the clearing he dropped the reins listlessly to the ground and climbed down, slack-shouldered.

"We're movin' again," he said tonelessly, as his wife came up. "Got to git out. Old Shattuck's took over the place."

Old Shattuck was the land man down in the Settlement from whom Baxter had "taken up" this promising strip of timber three years before.

"Shattuck says the land's been his for six months back, by law," Baxter offered, as he unhitched. "Cackled when I told

him I aimed to pay, cuss him!" He snorted mirthlessly. "What we goin' to do?" the woman asked. It was an old story to her; their life had been a series of successive flights into new territory.

"Aim to move over to Lafe Dugmore's cabin on Bald Ridge tomorrow," Baxter told her. "Place ain't been lived in for two year. Patch it up, though, guess we kin."

He baited down his old nag for the night and moved toward the house, a thin, shambling figure in the dusk, with forward-thrusting neck. He played the part of a timber claimer down in town, but no one really took Baxter and his brood for anything save what they were—typical derelicts of the Northwest.

The next morning was a scene of chaos in the forest cabin as the Baxters prepared for hegira. Keg came up

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BEAR THAT LIVED IN A HOUSE]
Continued from page forty-three

and gazed with amazement and trepidation at the unwanted scene, and presently moved off into the woods in search of quiet.

About ten o'clock saw the wagon loaded, the last bundle of bedding and the last smoky cooking pot gathered up, and the children swung up on top of the lot. The chickens, with legs tied, cackled under the wagon seat, and the dogs barked round the old horse.

It was not until the last minute that the Baxters looked about for the children's particular pet. But Keg was nowhere to be found. After waiting for nearly an hour and searching fruitlessly about the clearing, Baxter gave up the hunt and, despite the crying of the children, got his rickety cavalcade in motion.

And there the matter had perforce to drop, so far as the Baxters were concerned. But Keg saw things from an entirely different angle. When he returned to the cabin at dusk that night and found the place deserted, he experienced the first great shock of his life.

Mild trepidation gave way to an almost human sense of desertion as the evening wore on with no sign of his friends' return. Ever since he had been able to walk Keg had eaten and slept either in the Baxter kitchen or among the animals of the barnyard; he had played, fought, and wrestled, learned to come when called, and taken chastisement at times, the same as the children, profiting thereby, particularly on the occasion which had earned him his name. The Baxters had returned home one day to find their pet bawling in the clearing, with his head stuck fast in a small honey keg he had robbed in the root cellar. Thereafter the name Keg remained as a fixture, and it fitted the youngster as well as his own hide, which was ever stretched tightly over the rotundity of his stomach.

KEG slept intermittently through the night by the kitchen door, rising at times to move disconsolately about the clearing, expecting constantly that the door might open and his friends reappear and call him. But nothing of the sort occurred, even when a rain set in toward morning and drove him to take shelter in the shed.

With the morning light his hopes were rekindled. Until noon he roamed about, searching for scraps of overlooked food, rummaging even through the cans and leathers of the rubbish pile. He had never had to forage for himself; hence his wild natural instincts had suffered at the expense of his affection and the other human pulls his life had called forth. But toward nightfall, when his

appetite had grown to an incubus that would not let him rest, he moved off into the woods. Instinct finally led him to a rotting log which was full of grubs, and there he spent a blissful half hour ripping the punky wood to pieces and savoring the new rich feeding that is dear to every ursine palate.

No sooner was his hunger appeased than he made his way back to the clearing again. He scratched at each door in turn; then, in a passion of appeal calculated to melt the hearts of his unfeeling friends and cause them to appear miraculously on the threshold, he rose on his hind legs and paraded back and forth before the door, doing his trick. But the house and clearing remained callously deserted as before.

For the next two weeks this unhappy state of affairs continued. Keg would linger close to the house until his gnawing hunger literally drove him into the woods, but always he would return to the cabin. He might have followed the tracks of the Baxters' horse and wagon had not the rain that first night washed away all trace and scent.

BY the end of a month his expectancy had dulled, but he still stuck close to the clearing. His rambles now took him farther and farther into the woods, as the instincts which awaken in other bears during their first few months of life began to manifest in him.

It was about this time that the cabin's draw was doubly increased for Keg by the fact that he gained access to the interior. A windstorm one night blew open the rear door so that it swung free on its sagging hinges. Keg joyfully shifted his quarters from the clearing to the kitchen of the cabin. Though his friends still put in no appearance, it was good to be in the old familiar quarters. The rusted cookstove was still there, old shoes lay about, and there were many gratifying scents and reminiscences of the recent occupants. Ensconced within the log walls Keg felt somehow closer to the culmination of his quest.

The wonderful golden weeks of the Canadian summer drifted peacefully by. Came the month of October, bringing the dreamy haze of Indian summer. The autumn's abundance of blueberries and mast began to be evident along the open hillsides. Keg needed no initiation to recognize these immemorial stand-bys of his clan. This was the time of vague unrest in all the forest world. The spruce glens echoed by day to the drumming of partridge. By night the hunter's moon hung over the pines, somehow brighter and more stirring than at any other time of year. The squalling cry of the dog fox calling his mate carried from hill to hill, and at rare intervals across the stupendous moonlit stillness sounded the far call of a cow



Emboldened by the sight of Lon running away, the beast now covered the ground

moose, the most stirring sound of all the northern forests, with its sense of uncouth passion and restless yearning.

Keg's wanderings now took him in ever widening circles away from the backwoods clearing, searching restlessly for he knew not what. The richest feeding failed to satisfy his vague unrest. He was now two years old, and though he did not realize it, the same mating fever that was rampant in the rest of the forest dwellers was stirring his own blood. This was proven one day when he chanced upon a sleek young female bear feeding in a blueberry bottom. It seemed to him that he had found at last the answer to all he had ever yearned for. His young companion appeared to be of similar mind, and for three weeks thereafter the two shared each other's company, wandering aimlessly as the vagrant forest breezes whithersoever the feeding was richest.

DURING that period the Baxter clearing saw nothing of Keg, nor did he experience a single twinge of his old sorrow. But finally the middle of November brought an end to that blissful passage of days. The first snows were imminent and Keg's mate began to evince new and entirely unromantic tendencies. Keg endeavored to lead her back to the Baxter cabin, which had begun to call him once more, but she would have none of it. The deep-buried instinct for hibernation was strong within her, obsessing her mind as the nights grew colder, and one day she wandered away by herself without even a thought or regret on the matter, and Keg saw her no more.

As for him, he made his way at once to the Baxter clearing, straight as the crow flies. He had never learned the snug habit of hibernating, which is taught most bear cubs during their first few months of life. The first

and only winter he had experienced had been spent quite comfortably in the Baxters' warm kitchen and the horse shed, hence he knew nothing whatever of cold or privation. It was in full anticipation of finding warmth and shelter awaiting him as of yore that he returned to the cabin.

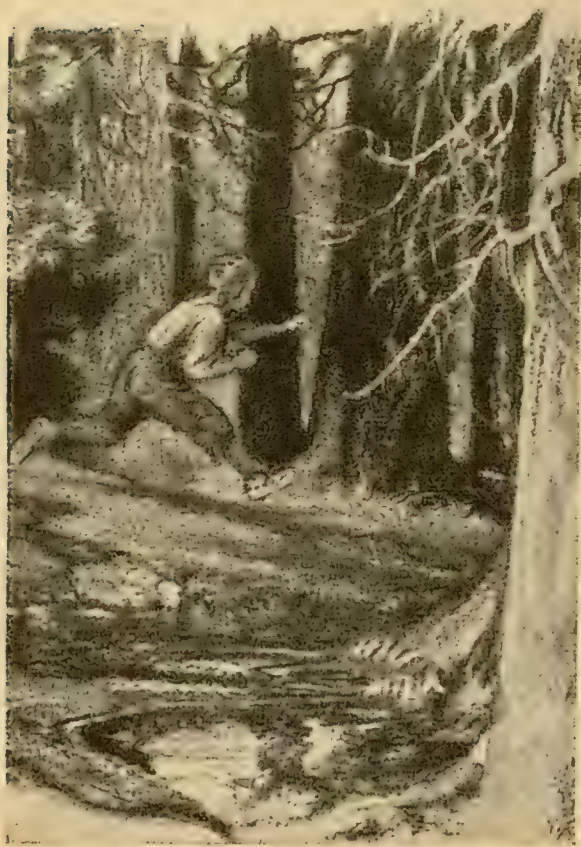
AS it happened, a surprise was awaiting him which was greatly to alter the mournful trend of his days. As he neared the clearing there came to his nostrils the old familiar tang of wood smoke. Hard upon this came a faint delectable flavor on the sharp frosty air—the savor of roast partridge familiar to Keg of old. There seemed but one meaning to that—the Baxters must have returned! Keg's heart gave a joyful bound; he quickened his shuffling walk to a heavy gallop.

A minute later the welcome sight of a human figure met his eyes as he emerged on the clearing's edge. Within the open cabin door a woman sat working, just as Mrs. Baxter used to sit of an afternoon. All human beings stood for friends to Keg; to his dim perception it was Mrs. Baxter in very truth, reappeared magically from the place in which she had been hiding so long.

With a glad whimpering sound Keg hurried across the clearing, eager to receive the greeting he felt sure awaited him. But before he reached the doorway the woman sprang to her feet with a shrill cry, overturning her chair, and the cabin door was slammed callously shut in Keg's very face.

Amazed and sorrowful at this unexpected reception, Keg rose up and stood swaying on his hind legs, sniffing at the door jamb, his great mouth open, red tongue lolling in anticipation. It was thus that the woman glimpsed him as her white stricken face appeared for an instant at the window and sank out of sight again.

Keg pressed his great weight against the door and scratched at the sill; but the heavy barrier would not give, nor did he receive any answer from within. It was all a terrible mistake, Keg felt sure; one of the senseless, thoughtless slips to which humans seemed prone. But this time he was determined to set matters right. Dropping to all fours, he ambled swiftly around the house to the kitchen door, a frail partition of split planks on rickety hinges. Keg felt sure of an entrance here, and he was right. As he reared up against it he heard a desperate movement within, and the sound of heavy objects being moved up against it. But all this was of little avail against his weight of close to six hundred pounds. The frail boards bent beneath his great forearms and fell inward with a crash. A scream arose from the woman, and as Keg clambered joyously in over the debris he saw her disappearing into another retreat, this time the rear room at the end of the cabin where the Baxters had been wont to sleep. For the second time a



in long, undulating bounds.

**"I'M WAITING
FOR THE NEW
PONTIAC"**



**PONTIAC SIX
BRINGS THE
IMPORTANT
DEVELOPMENTS OF
THE YEAR TO THE
LOW-PRICED FIELD**

SIXES  V-EIGHTS
Chief of Values
ON DISPLAY
... JANUARY 7

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Never for an instant did his demoralizing grip on the panther's leg relax.

[THE BEAR THAT LIVED IN A HOUSE]

Continued from page forty-five

door was slammed in Keg's face and he heard the latch snap to within. . . .

Some three days earlier in the week the Baxter cabin had been the scene of some queer changes. Old Doan Shattuck, who was now the owner of Keg's domicile, had been failing in health of late, and the city physician he consulted had advised him to spend a few weeks in the open, living a rigorous forest life with plenty of fresh game and fish to eat. Following the suggestion, Shattuck had arranged for a deer hunt that fall with his brother Mort in the vicinity of Hat Creek, where it was proposed by the brothers to utilize Joel Baxter's old cabin as their headquarters.

At the last minute Shattuck's wife and ten-year-old son had decided to accompany the party and enjoy the novelty of life in the backwoods cabin while the brothers were away hunting.

About noon one crisp day the party had arrived on a buckboard from the village, prepared for a two weeks' stay. Keg, of course, was away at the time, but the evidences of his occupation were plentiful about the cabin. Doan Shattuck's thin lips had curled scornfully as he viewed the litter in the deserted house, the rank neglect of the meandering garden patch.

"Like them no-'count Baxters," he said. "No backbone--never did have any. Door left open and all the varmints of the woods had free run of the house. No wonder they lost the place."

The rest of that day was spent making the house habitable. Early next morning the two men cleaned their rifles in preparation for a systematic deer hunt among the upland meadows at the creek's head. The Shattucks were notable hunters in the district, and the ten-year-old Lon came honestly enough by his growing love of firearms. Old Doan smiled as he watched the lad putting together the new twenty-two rifle that had been given him especially for the trip.

After the two men departed over the ridge, the boy set up a box in the clearing and passed the morning quite agreeably at target practice. Dinner over, he decided to try and surprise his father by bringing in a grouse or partridge with his new rifle, and leaving the clearing he wandered up the stream bed. For half an hour or more Lon threaded the dusky shadows of the spruce bottoms in his soundless moccasins without seeing anything worth shooting at. At the end of that time an unpleasant sensation began to steal over him that he was not alone—that malignant eyes were close by, watching his every move. It wasn't fear, but an uncomfortable physical premonition of an alien presence. Lon thought nothing of it at first, but it persisted. Finally he stopped in his tracks and strove to penetrate the blue-black shadows of the spruce on either side.

A moment later his heart gave a violent surge, and he wished mightily he had taken heed of those semi-conscious warnings earlier. Something subtle as a shifting shadow caused him to glance upward, and there, framed in a tangle of windfall, he saw a round malign head with two ocher-green eyes that fixed him with cruel intensity. It was a panther and a big one of its kind. No living animal save the hyena has such a proclivity for sensing those who are defenseless or in ill plight in the wild. Let a hunter be wounded or fall ill, or a woman or child be lost in the forest, and it is ever the panther who will first sense its predicament and hang for days to the trail if need be.

SUDDENLY the puma's head withdrew for an instant, to reappear again at another spot several feet closer. There was a suggestion of the long tawny body now, the color of gun metal beneath the spruce shade—a shaft of cold fear in the purpose to be felt in its sinister movements.

Breaking the spell of the dreadful watching eyes, the boy, in that calmness that comes in extreme fright, raised his small rifle and fired hastily, then turned and fled wildly down the stream bed. A glance flung to the rear showed the beast gliding serpent-wise through the thickets in pursuit, apparently unharmed. The shot had only dismayed the animal for a few crucial moments; its impending spring had been checked, however, and the boy had gained several hundred feet in his flight—doubtless the margin between life and death.

Emboldened by the sight of Lon

running away, the lithe beast now covered the ground in long, undulating bounds. The boy ran with frank abandon and with all the strength he had in him, momentarily expecting to be struck down. The great cat, like all his kind, was fascinated by the ancient game of chasing a desperate quarry, and his sheer cruel pleasure in the thing was what possibly delayed the fatal issue.

MEANTIME, back in the cabin, Keg had been prowling disconsolately about the kitchen, investigating things. His nose had told him by now that the woman in hiding was not Mrs. Baxter at all, but a stranger he had never seen. However, this mattered little. He had harbored only the kindest thoughts of humans during his life, and he had no reason to believe that these feelings were not returned. The main thing was that the cabin was once more occupied; and, as Keg saw it, his worries and lamentings were at an end. The floor quivered under his great weight as he prowled about, smelling of this and that. The partridge in the oven gave forth a most appetizing odor and the warmth of the fire was friendly and grateful. Dishes of food stood on the table, but, though Keg sniffed at them hungrily, he did not venture to touch them. The Baxters had always chastised him for touching anything on the table, and he remembered it well; but he wished mightily the woman in the inner room would come forth and deal him out a dish of his own.

The door of the rear room, however, remained tight closed, and there was no sound from within even when he scratched pleadingly at the sill. Presently he moved disconsolately outside again. Rounding a corner of the horse shed a minute later, he raised his head eagerly at the sound of another human call that came floating to him from the edge of the woods. Keg looked and saw a boy of about the size of Jed Baxter come sprinting across the clearing, calling out as he ran. Though he was Jed Baxter's size, Keg saw he was not Jed Baxter, any more than the woman within was Mrs. Baxter. Utterly puzzled and chagrined, yet hoping for the best, Keg ambled forward to meet him.

Lon Shattuck in his desperate flight had reached the comparatively cleared stretch back of the log cabin just in the nick of time; for there it was that the panther's hereditary dislike of attacking in the open prevailed once more against a final closing with his quarry. He still glided along in the rear, stretched out in his flowing crawl, but the instinct for keeping to cover kept him busy utilizing every possible clump of undergrowth in his path. Also the flight by now had covered nearly half a mile, a goodly distance for one of the puma's fidgety, short-winded race.

Minus his hat and rifle, his breath coming in a sobbing double action beyond all control, Lon spurted across the yard with the last of his strength

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE BEAR THAT LIVED IN A HOUSE]
Continued from page forty-seven

toward the kitchen door, which stood mercifully open. Mrs. Shattuck had heard his desperate call and seen him coming from the window, the puma now but a couple of rods behind. Without a second thought she flung open the door of her stronghold with a mad idea of saving Lon. All thought of her own safety was gone in her mother's agony over the boy, who did not yet know that another terror, in the form of her own ravaging jailer, was lurking about outside.

"Lonny! Lonny!" she called desperately.

Then, with the boy only halfway across the clearing, she experienced a fresh shaft of terror at the apparition of Keg's lumbering form as he rounded the horse shed and made for Lon, mouth open in what both humans took to be a savage, fighting snarl.

As this second brute bore down upon him, it seemed to the frenzied boy that all the beasts of the woods must be centering about the lonely cabin. Sobbing and hysterical, he dodged like a harried rabbit, and, only a few yards in advance of the bear, plunged in at the open kitchen door. With a wordless prayer, Mrs. Shattuck clutched him to her, and both backed quickly toward the inner room. Then, even as they reached the bedroom door, something happened without that turned impending tragedy into amazement.

The puma, swift as a streak of yellow lightning, came flashing through the air and landed upon the neck and shoulders of the bear almost at the threshold of the cabin door, and at once there rose from without an inferno of snarls, bawls, and threshing bodies.

Sick and numbed from their terrible experiences and the inexplicable nature of the conflict without, Mrs. Shattuck and Lon watched fascinated through the partly open door while the battle waged fiercer. To them it seemed a veritable miracle transpiring—the two brutes that had been intent upon their slaughter turned suddenly on each other in mortal combat.

Never, except in the suicidal months of famine, would a panther think of giving battle to a bear, who is considerably the heavier and superior fighter. But in this instance, when Keg suddenly appeared on the scene, it seemed to the panther a direct attempt to rob him of his prey—the most unforgivable sin in all the wild. Instantly the puma had sprung forward in a frenzy of rage to annihilate his ancient and hereditary foe, for the feud between the bears and pumas is age-old. Keg, who had not even been aware of the big cat's approach, was flung forward on his nose as the two hundred and twenty-five pounds of death, armed with four sets of saberlike claws, landed on his back. Then the deadly rage of his slow-going nature was lashed to flame at the alien scent of his attacker, the unclean reek of the carnivore, which, though he had never known it before, he hated with every instinct in his law-abiding nature. Rearing upward with a hoarse bawl of rage, he flung all his great strength into the struggle, mouth open in the savage caricature of a grin that is the fighting mask of the black bear.

BUT the vantage at the outset was all with the puma, who had gotten his hold, four purchases counting each armed paw. He rode his adversary like some giant leech, with talons that clung like grappling hooks, and he was busy every second.

Though it was the first real battle he had ever fought, Keg knew he was being killed, and rapidly. The tactics of the huge cat were swift, bloody, and horrible, for endurance was not in his arsenal. He must kill, and kill quickly, before his enemy's superior weight could be brought into play. With his back bent to an arch of whalebone he raked madly, blindly, at the same time cutting in with his punishing fangs toward the life arteries in Keg's thick furry neck. . . . Death, screaming and fetid-breathed, tearing at his windpipe; death gouging at his eyes.

Keg battled silently, staggering under the killer's weight, to gain some hold, second by second he was

being pressed down into the blackness of oblivion. The devastation wrought was appalling. Blood smeared his chest and shoulders. He brought up against the log wall of the cabin. Instinct now prompted him to batter himself against the logs and scrape his opponent off. But all his efforts failed to dislodge his deadly rider.

Desperately he flung himself on his side. One of the puma's paws came in reach and Keg's powerful jaws closed instantly upon it and locked. The cat creature emitted the scream of a fiend—the inability of all felines to endure pain. The murderous clamp on Keg's throat slackened, and in a moment he had heaved himself over and grappled the other's filthy bulk on an equal footing.

All his great strength was brought to bear now in a wrestler's grip that all but crushed the breath out of his antagonist's body as they rolled, but never for an instant did his demoralizing grip on the panther's leg relax. As the moments passed, the prolonged pain and the unholy uproar of the battle turned the puma's first mad fury to something like insanity.



THE tawny beast's struggles showed less and less reason, while Keg, though more desperately wounded, fought grimly and with a deadly calculation. Fury had come to the surface for the first time and his big and tolerant nature was swept by it to the exclusion of all else.

At the end of three minutes—it had seemed an eternity to the pair within the cabin—the panther suddenly weakened. His struggles relaxed and he would have broken and bolted had he been able.

Finally the sounds of conflict diminished, until the two listeners, their hearts pounding wildly, could hear only a few low snarlings and the ruckle of worrying jaws without. Then their straining ears detected something like a choking sigh—and silence.

The moment the panther's body relaxed, Keg had torn his opponent loose and, pinning him to the ground, brought one great forearm down upon the center of the puma's back. The supple spine had been broken by the pile-driver blow, and as the cat writhed about with an agonized screech, he was flattened by the whole of Keg's great weight. With a few final convulsive flounders the spark of his savage life snuffed out.

It was another minute or so, however, before Keg realized that the battle was definitely over, that his own furious coughing was all the sound he heard. Then, as if to make certain of his vengeance, he continued to beat and rend the inert heap of flesh with teeth and claws till it resembled nothing that had ever walked or lived. His fury finally appeased, he fell to doctoring his wounds. But presently, remembering the two humans within the cabin, he rose and made for the doorway.

An instant more, a trifle less thought for humankind—and there would have been an end to Keg then and there. For at the instant he rose there came a flash of fire and a deafening report from the edge of the clearing. Keg went down in a heap at the doorsill.

"Got him! Come on!" It was the shout of Doan Shattuck.

The brothers, rifles in hand, came running toward the cabin, calling out as they came. They had returned just in time to glimpse Keg making for the kitchen door, and Doan's hastily aimed shot had brought him down. Now the sight that met their eyes in the cabin dooryard blanched their faces and gripped their hearts with a numbing fear. A few feet from Keg's body lay the stark form of the panther, its body mangled and lacerated from a desperate struggle. What had that struggle been for?

But next moment the frightened faces of Lon and Mrs. Shattuck—pale as two ghosts—appeared in the doorway. With a broken cry, Doan gathered them to him.

Both were nonplused and a little hysterical as they tried to detail the dreadful happenings of the afternoon, but by degrees the two men were able to piece together the story in its entirety with something like veracity—all except the part about the bear's persistent siege of the cabin, his prolonged and murderous savagery. All this belied the peaceful vegetarian nature of the black

bear as Doan Shattuck knew him.

On this point, however, he was swiftly and surprisingly enlightened. As the four stood talking, Mrs. Shattuck's eyes suddenly froze in a clairvoyant stare centered on a spot behind her husband's shoulder. Her cry brought every eye round, and there, framed in the doorway, was the bear they had just killed—or its specter—capping climax to an afternoon of dramatics.

The minute that followed was utterly bewildering. Keg was just within the door, eying the group ingratiatingly for some sign of welcome, his big body fairly wriggling all over in doglike delight at sight of this roomful of humans. The spectacle of him, however, was anything but reassuring to the Shattucks; panic spread before him. With a sharp admonition, Doan Shattuck pressed his wife and boy back toward the inner room while he faced the incoming beast. Mort made a dive for his rifle. He was swinging it to his shoulder, when he stopped at a cry from Doan.

For, despite Keg's huge gaping jaws and bloody matted coat, he was making strange and unmistakable signs that were not lost on Shattuck's hunter's instinct. Now he rose on his hind legs and in his best trick-walking form advanced diffidently into the room, trying his best to advertise his abject friendliness. Sounds such as a dog makes when it yawns escaped him—plainly as words a supplication for a bit of the savory food on the table. Suddenly the truth had broken over Doan Shattuck, and his cry caught his brother with rifle at point.

"Hounds of Babylon! Let be, Mort!" he cried. "I believe it's that tame bear cub Baxter used to have about the place!"

MORT flung a glance at Doan, then at the bear.

"Of course he'd be grown by now," Doan muttered. "I reckon the critter's been living here all along. He's hungry and lonesome, like as not. Begging for food, that's what he's doing, Mort. Keep a bead on him while I see."

Filling a plate with food, Doan slid it gingerly across the floor, while Mort stood guard. All stared fascinated while Keg fell to with gustatory satisfaction. Slowly Mort's weapon lowered.

"I see it all now," said Doan, who had been scrutinizing Keg's broad

back. "That shot of mine only creased him, Mort; just nicked him across the back of the head and knocked him out for a minute. It was a rank miss at that distance, but I'm mortal glad of it now, for, as I see it, the bear protected Lonny and his mother from the panther, which was in a killin' fever. You see, the panther figured the bear was cuttin' in on his kill and lit into him on the spot, and the bear flared up and fought back like he would if he was protectin' his own den. Yes, sir, the boy owes his life to the critter."

WHEN Keg was fed to repletion and showed definite signs of settling down on the floor to sleep, the two men inveigled him outside, after which the doors and windows were fastened against his further entry that night. Despite his amiable mien, none of them could quite stomach the propinquity of a beast whose great forearm could have felled a young bullock. As the family sat about the table marveling thankfully over the outcome of so perilous a day, Doan smiled as he heard Keg shuffling forlornly outside.

"Figures he owns this cabin, and nothing's going to drive him off," he chuckled. "Have to send for Joel Baxter to come and take him away."

"Doan," Mrs. Shattuck ventured, "I was thinking—if it wasn't for Joel Baxter and the way he trained that bear as a cub, there'd be a different story to tell this afternoon. I was thinking maybe you'd consider giving them another chance here, after what's happened. I heard through Lem Sproal that the Baxters have done nothing since they moved to Bald Ridge. They got there too late in the season to plant. Mrs. Baxter's been ailing, too."

Doan shot a quick glance at his wife and grunted. "If you really want I should," he said, "maybe I can see fit to stretch another point—considering today." He clamped his lips down on the grudging statement, but Mrs. Shattuck knew the thing was as good as signed.

Keg, disconsolately watching the lighted windows, could not know that by his battle that afternoon he had saved himself a winter of cold and privation—that within two days the Baxters' rickety wagon would come creaking into the clearing, bringing all his old friends back—this time to stay.

THE END

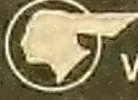
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ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S TWENTY QUESTIONS

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1—Dover. | 9—Cambria. |
| 2—Europe and the Western Hemisphere. | 10—A learned man; a teacher. |
| 3—A medicine which preserves or defends against disease. | 11—A Manxman. |
| 4—Aries. | 12—In Knoxville, Tennessee. |
| 5—The Pyrenees. | 13—Mercury. |
| 6—A species of duck. | 14—Disobedient; perverse. |
| 7—A song or melody sung by Venetian gondoliers. | 15—Androcles. |
| 8—In accord, harmony, or sympathy. | 16—The United States of Brazil. |
| | 17—Booth Tarkington. |
| | 18—Storthing. |
| | 19—Morbid dread of light. |
| | 20—Greece. |

SIXES  V-EIGHTS
Chief of Values
ON DISPLAY
... JANUARY 7

Picture by
WILL GRAVEN

EX-



A Former Assistant District Attorney Explodes Some Myths about Justice

The author, who, after five years as a prosecutor, spent nine months in jail. He was subsequently vindicated.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 35 seconds.)

FOR five years I was a prosecutor. Then I became the prosecuted. I was tried and convicted on the testimony of a single witness. I spent nine months in the Los Angeles County Jail pending an appeal. I have since been vindicated by the highest courts in California and I am now a practicing attorney. I do not want to be a prosecutor again.

"Have you any legal cause to show why sentence should not be pronounced?"

My attorney answered: "No, your Honor."

I did not listen to the droning voice repeating the familiar formula consigning me to San Quentin Prison "for the term prescribed by law." I was filled with a raging contempt for the proceedings and all the actors. It was a grotesque farce. At that moment I had lost all respect for courts and the law.

When the meek little foreman handed the clerk the verdict finding me guilty, I had a similar feeling of contempt for the jurors.

For the moment I was overwhelmed by the unfairness and injustice of what was happening to me.

Presumably I was on a higher mental plane through education and experience than the average person who goes before the bar of justice. But it took me many months to readjust my attitude toward law enforcement and so-called justice. It can never again be what it was in my time as a prosecutor.

There are two sides to law enforcement. I have seen

them both. Many times I have sat in court and heard men condemned to prison or to death. It was once a daily occurrence, a matter of routine to which I gave but passing thought.

Then it became my turn. The prosecutor became the prosecuted.

I had been chief deputy district attorney of Los Angeles County for more than a year. When the Julian Petroleum Corporation, which already had a dizzy career, finally went into a financial tail spin and crashed through the roof of the Hall of Justice in Los Angeles, it landed in the lap of Asa Keyes, the district attorney.

There were thirty thousand enraged and financially ruined victims of this catastrophe. The district attorney was called upon to put someone in jail. When he failed to do so, the rage of the people was turned against him.

Following the collapse of the Julian prosecution, disgusted with the failure of justice, I retired to private law practice. Keyes announced he would not be a candidate for reelection. Buron Fitts, who was then lieutenant governor and who had immediately preceded me as chief deputy district attorney, was elected district attorney.

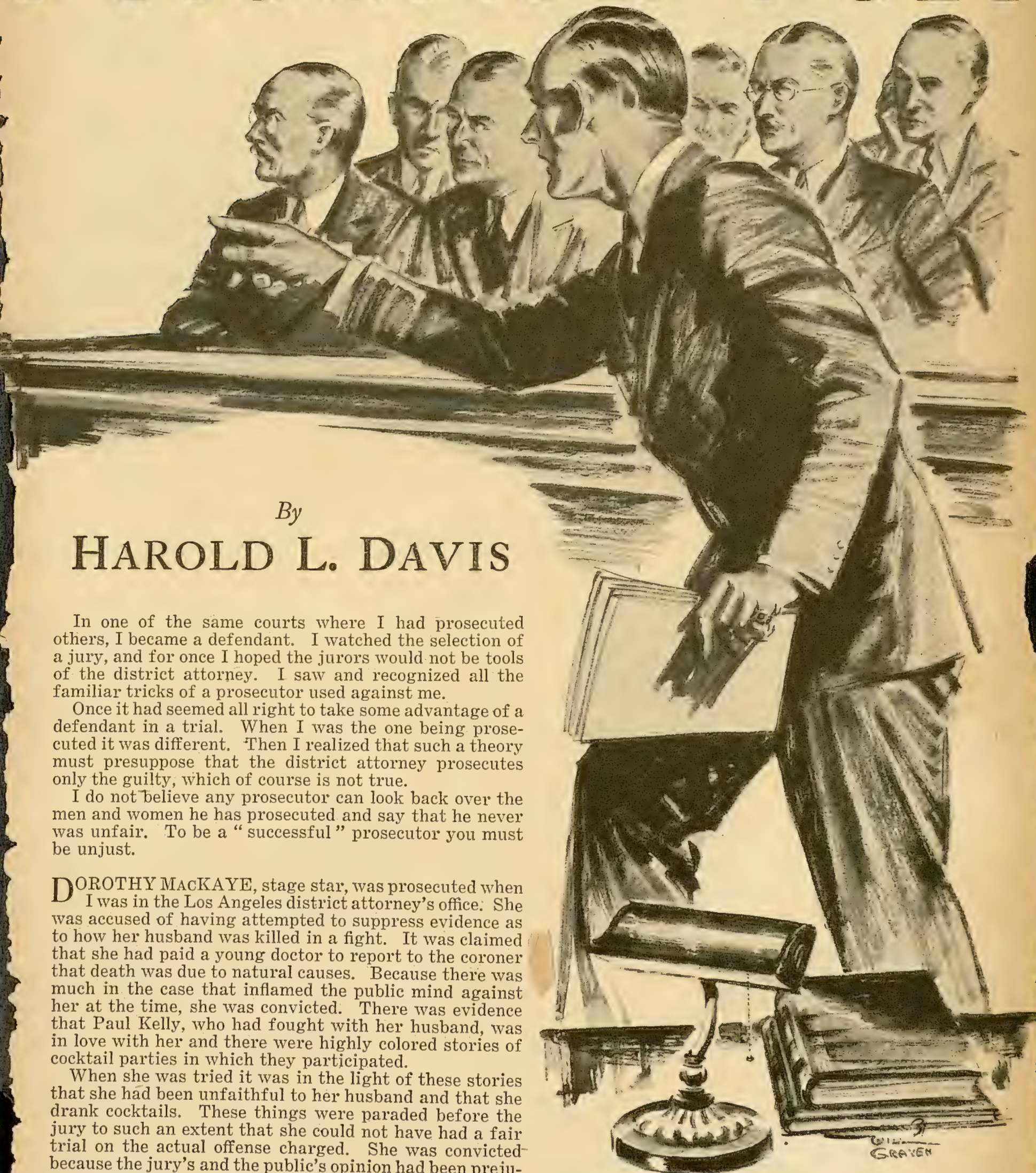
The first man he prosecuted was Asa Keyes. All three of us once had been friends, personal and political. Keyes had been the chief and Fitts and I his first assistants. A bitter quarrel had arisen between the two of them, and the enmity Fitts held toward Keyes included me.

Fitts went into court and prosecuted Keyes. He asked the jury to convict his former chief of conspiring to accept bribes in the Julian prosecution. Keyes was convicted and sentenced to prison.

Six months later Fitts granted immunity to one of the men convicted with Keyes and brought about my indictment.

I had seen and used public prejudice against others as one of the legitimate weapons of the prosecutor many times, but now I came to realize what this can mean.

PROSECUTOR



By

HAROLD L. DAVIS

In one of the same courts where I had prosecuted others, I became a defendant. I watched the selection of a jury, and for once I hoped the jurors would not be tools of the district attorney. I saw and recognized all the familiar tricks of a prosecutor used against me.

Once it had seemed all right to take some advantage of a defendant in a trial. When I was the one being prosecuted it was different. Then I realized that such a theory must presuppose that the district attorney prosecutes only the guilty, which of course is not true.

I do not believe any prosecutor can look back over the men and women he has prosecuted and say that he never was unfair. To be a "successful" prosecutor you must be unjust.

DOROTHY MACKAYE, stage star, was prosecuted when I was in the Los Angeles district attorney's office. She was accused of having attempted to suppress evidence as to how her husband was killed in a fight. It was claimed that she had paid a young doctor to report to the coroner that death was due to natural causes. Because there was much in the case that inflamed the public mind against her at the time, she was convicted. There was evidence that Paul Kelly, who had fought with her husband, was in love with her and there were highly colored stories of cocktail parties in which they participated.

When she was tried it was in the light of these stories that she had been unfaithful to her husband and that she drank cocktails. These things were paraded before the jury to such an extent that she could not have had a fair trial on the actual offense charged. She was convicted because the jury's and the public's opinion had been prejudiced against her. She spent eight months in the Los Angeles County Jail and ten months in San Quentin Prison.

Other than the Hickman case, there probably never was one in which public opinion in California was more in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The district attorney has always before him the picture of how a single case successfully handled, no matter by what methods, may lead to the governor's chair.

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EX-PROSECUTOR [Continued from page fifty-one]

flamed against the accused than that of Clara Phillips, headlined by newspapers as the "tiger woman" or the "hammer murderess."

This was at a time when I was a newspaper reporter, before I became a prosecutor. Clara Phillips, a chorus girl, had beaten a suspected rival for her husband's affections to death with a hammer. As if the details of the crime were not sufficiently gruesome, one of the deputy district attorneys made public revolting statements to the effect that the murderess had mutilated the body of the other girl after she had killed her.

The statements were given out to a group of newspaper men, of whom I was one. The prejudice which was created against Clara Phillips persists even after the years she has spent in prison.

Prosecutors who are unfair are not entirely to blame. If they fail to live up to what the public expects of them, they will most likely cease to be prosecutors.

On the other hand, the ambitious district attorney has always before him the alluring picture of how a single notorious case successfully handled, no matter by what unscrupulous methods, may lead to the governor's chair.

During the nine months following my trial I was confined in the Los Angeles County Jail. Release on bail pending appeal, commonly granted, was denied me. I was a political prisoner. But despite the suffering and hardship which is a part of unjust imprisonment I feel that I gained something by the experience.

From being a prosecutor I became a cellmate of highwaymen and a bridge partner of murderers. I ate, slept, and lived with the same kind of men I had spent years in trying to put in prison or to send to the gallows.

THE men I was with were all charged with serious offenses. Most of them now are either in San Quentin or Folsom Prison. Most of them will never get out, or if they do it will not be until they are old, broken men. Some of them have been hanged. Few of them are free.

Day in and day out I talked with them about their problems. Many times they admitted their criminality and tried to account for it to me. Their reasons and explanations were varied. I began to analyze and classify them in an attempt to find an answer to some of the problems of law enforcement.

As I came to know other cases of injustice my personal bitterness disappeared. I felt with something of a

shock that my own unhappy experience was perhaps some sort of retribution for having been a part of the system. I was glad that at least I had never been known as a vicious prosecutor.

I made up my mind that never again would I be a district attorney. I recognized that there must be some such officer. But I knew the ideal of what he should be must change—not only in the minds of prosecutors but also in that of the public.



Acme photo

Dorothy MacKaye, actress, who went to prison "because the jury's and the public's opinion had been prejudiced"

Once I discussed my feeling with a prisoner whom I will call Carl Williams. He is now in Folsom as a habitual criminal. He was utterly without respect for the law. His personal reaction to law concerned how he could outwit a detective or a policeman.

During the many years he had spent in prison cells, however, Williams had read some sociology and philosophy. He had two viewpoints upon the subject of law enforcement—personal and theoretical.

"I would never want to be a prosecutor or district attorney again," I said to him one day.

"That is where you are wrong," he answered. "You might make a real district attorney now. If every judge and every prosecutor had to spend a month in jail or prison to qualify for his job, there would not be so many criminals."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," he said, "that the average prosecutor and judge think that the way to reform someone who has gone wrong is to put him in prison. They believe the more people they put in prison the more they are doing to reduce crime. Instead they are manufacturing criminals. They send young kids up to Quentin who should never hit that place at all. The kids are bitter because most of them figure they got a bad deal. Then they are thrown in with five thousand men guilty of all kinds of crimes, many of them diseased in mind and body and depraved in habits. The code of life in there is the code of the criminal. If one tries to live up to any other he won't get along. Most likely he'll get a chiv stuck in his ribs."

"After a few years in San Quentin University they turn these kids out, fit associates only for fellow alumni."

Unless they have money or friends who have stuck by them, the ex-cons are the only ones who will have anything to do with them.

"Then the kid gets to be a guy like me."

Later on I had occasion to talk with a prisoner of the type Williams meant. He was an eighteen-year-old boy. He was one of three of similar age who had been arrested for attempted burglary.

The other two went into one court to be tried and this boy into another. The judge he went before was making much public ado about the "crime wave" and imposing harsh sentences with gusto. The boy's plea for probation was waved aside and he was given a long term in San Quentin.

On the same day he was sentenced to prison the other two were granted probation by a different judge. When I talked with him the boy who went to prison had served more than a year. They had brought him back to Los Angeles to be resentenced because of some technicality.

to crime was new to me. After the first adolescent thrill of carrying a police badge, riding in a fast car, covering murder trials, and stalking into judges' chambers with other reporters to discuss whether the judge should sentence some killer to death, I acquired a cynical indifference to both sides of law enforcement.

Some of the murderers had interesting personalities; most did not. Some of the murderesses were good-looking; most were not. Withal they were just so many news stories, either good or not so good.

TOWARD those who represented the law we acquired an attitude due to overfamiliarity with what goes on behind the scenes. We came to know the hypocrisy of officials.

We saw men who should have been prosecuted but who were not because of influence or for one reason or another not based on justice. We saw men prosecuted when they should not have been.

There was Rudolph Valentino. He was accused of the crime of bigamy merely to give a prosecutor publicity and newspaper reporters a story. There came a day when news was dull, and unfortunately for Valentino it was the day he was married in Mexico to Natacha Rambova.

One of the reporters in the press room read the story of the marriage in a paper among the office files. He was the reporter who covered the divorce courts.

"Valentino can't get married so soon," he remarked. "It was only a few months ago that he and Jean Acker were di-

vorced up here in one of my courts."

"It's bigamy, then," spoke up another. "Let's go see the d. a."

We all went up into the district attorney's office, to the head of the complaint department. He was a publicity-loving prosecutor and he recognized the case as a good newspaper story.

"All right, boys," he said. "I don't think we'll be able to make the case stick, but if you want the story I'll give it to you."

Valentino was arrested. At the preliminary hearing he was quickly exonerated, but it cost him thousands of dollars and much embarrassment. The prosecutor received nation-wide publicity.

When a judge called us into his private chambers and asked our opinions as to whether a man should be hanged, we knew what he wanted us to tell him. We knew that he wanted us to tell him how it would affect him politically—whether our stories would be favorable or unfavorable.

After a number of years covering the criminal courts and the district attorney's office as a reporter, I was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Check
LITTLE COUGHS

BEFORE THEY GROW UP!

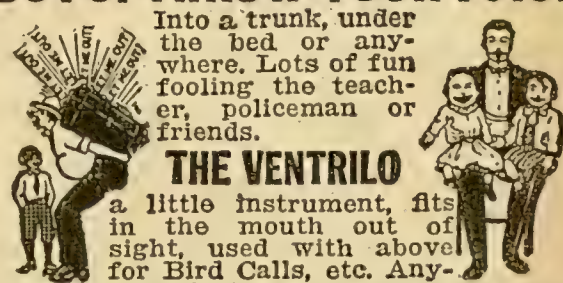
• Don't neglect your child's "little" cough. For even these little coughs irritate the delicate membranes and nerve ends of the throat . . . That irritation produces more coughs . . . These **BIGGER** coughs cause more irritation. And so—*big coughs from little coughs grow.*

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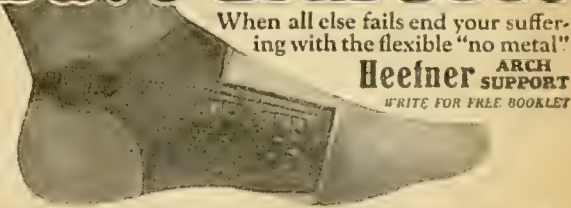


BOYS! THROW YOUR VOICE

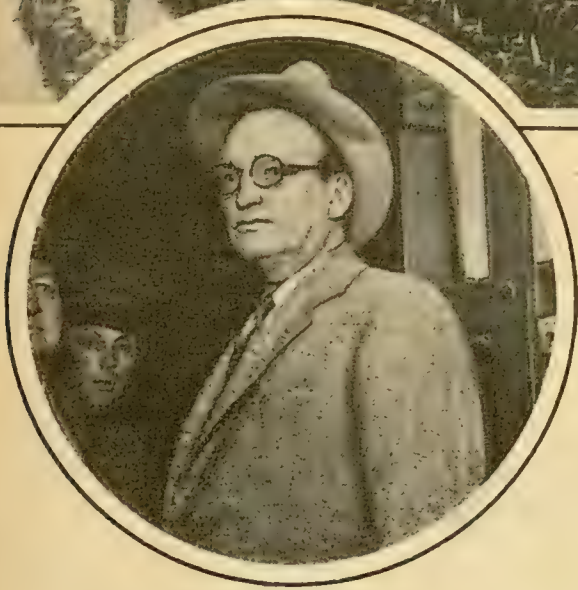


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Wide World photo
Asa Keyes, ex-district attorney of Los Angeles County; and above, the San Quentin prison yard.

He was savagely bitter. He looked forward to the day of his release.

"This time they won't get me," he said. "They wouldn't have caught us before if I had had a rod. And I'm going to kill every copper I meet!"

That judge had made a gunman and a potential murderer out of a boy who might have been reformed.

When I first started to cover the police stations and criminal courts as a newspaper reporter, law as applied

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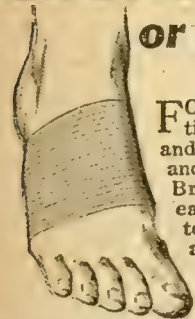
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EX-PROSECUTOR [Continued from page fifty-three]

appointed secretary to the district attorney. At the time I was studying law. I had a promise of an appointment as a deputy district attorney if I should pass the bar examination.

When as secretary to the district attorney I became a part of the official life, I learned even more about the hypocrisy of law-enforcement officers.

When Asa Keyes was elected district attorney, I was appointed a deputy prosecutor under him. After a time I was assigned to the homicide department.

When I actually became a prosecutor my attitude toward law changed. The crime commission movement was at its height in Los Angeles. Much of the propaganda disseminated appealed to me at that time. I became an ardent partisan of capital punishment. I believed in severe sentences. I made speeches about these theories.

The first murder case I tried, I wanted to hang the defendant, a man named Garbutt. He was an ex-convict who had been befriended by a rich woman living in Pasadena, California. One night, while dining with her in her home, he had seized a hammer, beaten her into unconsciousness, and robbed her. There could be no question about the man's guilt.

I launched into the case with the utmost zeal. Associated with me in the prosecution was one of the veteran prosecutors of the office. Almost every day during the trial he changed his opinion as to whether we should try to get a death verdict against Garbutt.

"Maybe we're wrong," he would say. "Maybe he didn't do it."

I lost patience and redoubled my efforts to send Garbutt to the gallows. But when the jury came in with a verdict condemning him to death I had a ghastly revulsion of feeling. I could not keep my eyes from the man I had succeeded in sending to his death.

If anyone ever deserved to be hanged by his fellow men, it was Garbutt; but after I had succeeded my success was worse than empty. On the day he was hanged at San Quentin I did not read the newspapers.

IT may be said that there are far more miscarriages of justice in guilty persons not being caught or punished than there are in innocent ones being convicted. Of this there can be no doubt.

Blackstone recognized that to safeguard the innocent from being unjustly condemned would make it likely that some of the guilty would escape. He enunciated the theory of the English system by stating in substance that "It is better that ten guilty escape than one innocent man be condemned."

When modern conditions brought about an increase in crime, the first cry raised was for doing away with the safeguards of the law designed to protect the innocent. The next was for making punishments more brutal and cruel. Laws were passed making

it easier for prosecutors to get convictions. The natural result of this would be, of course, to increase the number of the innocent convicted as well as the number of the guilty. What really is needed is not more convictions or more people going to jail, but fewer people committing crimes.

The only way to reduce crime is to do away with the causes. Next in importance is to make it more certain that the offender is caught.

The catching of criminals is not, however, the duty of a prosecutor. In the very nature of his office, a prosecutor must be semijudicial. He must use some discretion as to whether there is sufficient evidence to warrant placing an accused person on trial.

THE notorious Aimee Semple McPherson case grew out of the shifting by the police of their duty to the district attorney. If he had kept out of the case he would have saved himself untold annoyance and the county of Los Angeles many thousands of dollars.

When Mrs. McPherson sensationally returned from her ocean dip at Santa Monica, California, via the desert sands of Arizona, with her weird story of a kidnaping by a mysterious Steve and Rose, she was not suspected of anything more than not telling the truth about where she had been. If she actually had been kidnaped by Steve and Rose, it was up to the police to find them.

It then would have been up to the district attorney to prosecute them for kidnaping.

It was a clever detective who was investigating the case. He knew it was a "hot" one, so he took it to the district attorney.

"We should have a grand jury investigation," he said.

"What for?" asked Keyes. "Has Mrs. McPherson committed some offense?"

"No," answered the detective, "but we should get an indictment against the ones who kidnaped her."

Mrs. McPherson was taken before the grand jury; and perhaps because she did not care to relate to nineteen men exactly where she had been after her mysterious disappearance, she was later charged with conspiring to defeat justice.

All she was guilty of, if anything, was refusing to satisfy the curious. Her dramatic disappearance while swimming at the beach, her equally sensational reappearance staggering across the desert sands of Arizona, and then the delectable anticlimax that she really had been week-ending at Carmel, were too much for the public curiosity.

She had to be tried for something. So she was charged with conspiring to defeat justice. The demand that she be tried was so insistent at that time that no man in public office could have withstood it, once it was under way. Only in the first instance, by making the police conduct it as a criminal investigation and produce evidence that a crime had been commit-

ted, could the course of the case have been changed.

After several months, while Mrs. McPherson was having her trial, public feeling veered. The story had all been told; the public had decided for or against her and had lost interest.

The most important criminal prosecution I was ever associated with, the Julian Petroleum prosecution, resulted in a miscarriage of justice. This was due largely to a failure of the jury system.

While juries bring in verdicts condemning innocent persons because of aroused public prejudice, they also are susceptible to defense influence when the public has become tired of a particular issue or case.

When the collapse of the Julian Petroleum Corporation first became known, the public's indignation was high. It demanded in a loud voice that all whose names were connected in any way with the scandal be prosecuted. As a result the grand jury indicted more than fifty-five of the leading citizens of Los Angeles. A majority of those accused should not have been indicted.

AFTER months had elapsed, the victimized public became indifferent to the prosecution. There still existed a feeling that someone should be punished for what had happened, but as to who it might be there was a great indifference.

The trial itself was a long-drawn-out affair. The jury reflected the attitude of the general public. There was nothing in the evidence that was sensational. All of the accused were acquitted.

It has been my observation that the position of a prosecutor is a thankless one. Always fifty per cent of those who have official contact with him are bitterly dissatisfied. In those who are prosecuted, and all of their friends, hatred of the man who prose-

cutes them is engendered. If the prosecutor does not act when a complainant comes to him to accuse someone, then the complainant is dissatisfied.

It is probably due to this fact that so many district attorneys abuse the powers of their office to further their own ambitions. The district attorney himself in most instances looks upon his office merely as a stepping-stone to some other political position, usually the governorship.

The example of District Attorney Whitman of New York, who succeeded in becoming governor as a result of his prosecution of Police Lieutenant Becker, has been an inspiration to many an ambitious district attorney.

As assistants, district attorneys usually get only young men beginning the practice of the law and seeking to gain experience and knowledge at the expense of the public.

Thus the most powerful arm of the administration of justice is controlled by inexperience and ambition. The lives, liberty, and happiness of those who go into a criminal court, either as defendants or complainants, are determined more by these influences than by right or justice.

The office of a prosecutor, whether it be that of the district attorney himself or of one of his assistants, should be an end and not a means to an end.

It should be an ultimate goal that lawyers should seek as they seek to become justices of the Supreme Court. It should not be simply a stepping-stone to another office.

If district attorneys were forbidden by law to be candidates for other political offices during their terms as district attorney, then the public would be spared many expensive trials undertaken not for reasons of justice but because of the ambitions of the prosecutor.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

And the Cat Purred

My niece, three and a half years old, chanced to see a cat in a basement with a stairway entrance from the sidewalk.

She called, "Pussy, Pussy," several times, and then turned to me and asked why it wouldn't come to her when she called it. I told her that the cat did not know her. She immediately responded by saying to the cat, "My name is Helen Gene Goldman."—G. Goldman, M. D., 656 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.

* * *

Effect and Cause

Seven-year-old Burton was looking out the kitchen window when a big pompous rooster started flapping his wings and crowed.

"The silly thing," said Burton.

"Why is he silly?" asked his mother.

He turned to me in disgust. "Huh! Didn't you see how he slaps himself first, then cries afterward?"—Mrs. Florence Penn, 670 Alter St., Hazleton, Pa.

When Do Feelings Grow Up?

Dorothy, aged four, was scolded by her mother, which caused her to cry.

"Why are you crying?" asked her mother.

"Because you hurt my feelings," was the reply.

"You shouldn't cry because I scolded you," said her mother. "I would not cry if anyone were to scold me."

"Yes," sobbed Dorothy, "but my feelings are littler than yours."—T. A. Walker, Box 2296, Memphis, Tenn.

* * *

What Could Be Greener?

I was remonstrating with my young son because he would not eat the things that are good for him.

"Isn't there even one green vegetable you like?" I demanded severely.

"Oh, yes," said he. "Pickles."—M. P. Davidson, 11 W. Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

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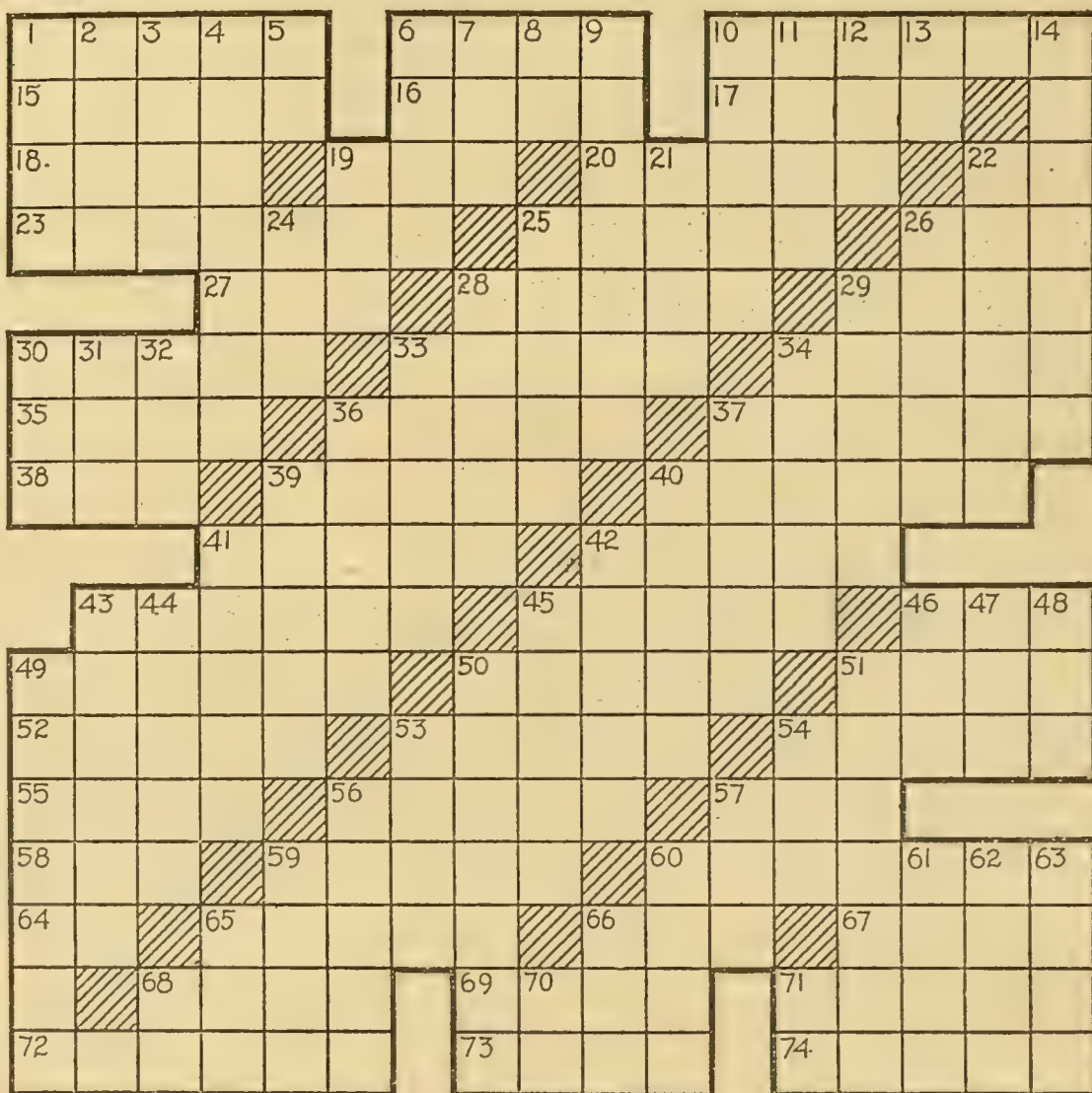
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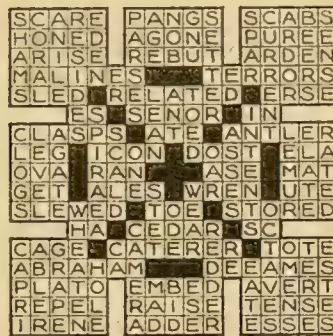
Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

- 1 A tooth
- 6 Illuminating device
- 10 Wise men
- 15 Avoid
- 16 Pitcher
- 17 Turkish title
- 18 Grit
- 19 Pale
- 20 Weird; uncanny
- 22 Pronoun
- 23 Railroad tie
- 25 Walk pompously
- 26 Cut off
- 27 Insect's egg
- 28 Emit vapor
- 29 Stringed instrument
- 30 Home
- 33 Part of hammer (pl.)
- 34 Taut
- 35 Woman's name
- 36 Happened well, or ill
- 37 Adorned
- 38 Digit
- 39 Satisfied
- 40 Indites
- 41 Watches furtively
- 42 Grates; grinds
- 43 Members of Mongolic or Turkic tribes
- 45 Muck
- 46 Snatch away
- 49 Herbaceous plant
- 50 Selected
- 51 Memorandum
- 52 Old-womanish
- 53 Old English coin
- 54 Depressed with fear
- 55 Contest
- 56 Shine
- 57 A son of Noah
- 58 To frost
- 59 Eminent; distinguished



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 60 Mocks
- 64 Exist
- 65 Fine driving icy particles
- 66 Point
- 67 River in Africa
- 68 You
- 69 Margin
- 71 Meaning
- 72 East
- 73 Performs
- 74 Measure of length

VERTICAL

- 1 Disorder
- 2 Ellipse
- 3 Narrow road
- 4 Additions
- 5 Note of the scale
- 6 Legendary king of England
- 7 Beard of grain
- 8 Pronoun
- 9 Represent falsely
- 10 Whey of milk
- 11 Leave out
- 12 Lay, as of land
- 13 Either
- 14 Paced
- 19 Moist
- 21 Periods
- 22 Equines
- 24 Pastry
- 25 Charger
- 26 Pointed weapon
- 28 Withers
- 29 Warm
- 30 Do
- 31 To hoot
- 32 Metal-bearing mass
- 33 Part of head (pl.)
- 34 Commonplace
- 36 Fay
- 37 Soil deeply
- 39 Lean
- 40 Carpus
- 41 Grave marker
- 42 Twilight
- 43 Best and third-best cards of a suit
- 44 Woman's name
- 45 Young pig
- 46 At present
- 47 Corroded
- 48 Couch
- 49 District in British Columbia
- 50 Made
- 51 Person designated for an office
- 53 Mirth; delight
- 54 Vehicle
- 56 Welcome
- 57 Hesitate in speaking
- 59 Secluded valley
- 60 Expires
- 61 Ding
- 62 Otherwise
- 63 Prophet
- 65 Pronoun
- 66 Mature
- 68 Note of the scale
- 70 Perform
- 71 An element (symbol)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



Why We Have Taxes

How the Income from State Levies Is Distributed

By FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

(Reading time: 2 minutes 35 seconds.)

GOVERNMENT is theoretically the servant of the people. But the people are not the masters unless they know how their tax money is being spent. Many of our people do not know.

The State of New York spends about \$240,000,000 a year, of which one-third goes straight back to local education, and another third to public works—roads, new hospitals, prisons, park systems. Care of the 70,000 wards of the state and general upkeep and administration take the last third.

In this state, as in others, the people have little grievance with these state expenditures—which are but 11 per cent of their aggregate tax bill.

It is the aggregate tax bill which everywhere brings protest.

Forty-six per cent of the aggregate tax bill is federal taxation, which cannot be controlled by the Legislature or the Governor.

Obviously, even if the state immediately or greatly cut down its state expenditures, this would little affect the aggregate tax bill. To so economize would be to impair its educational progress, to practically abandon the wards of the state, and to halt a hard-fought campaign to make available to the average citizen his out-of-doors heritage of recreation and health.

The quality of these state activities proves that we have not lagged in our duty toward the individual as that human duty was originally conceived by those who created these United States.

But with local taxation assessed by counties, cities, towns, villages, and other governmental districts, the story is different. Nearly half—approximately 42 per cent—of our aggregate tax bill is local.

The total of these local expenditures is \$903,000,000 as compared to the state expenditure of \$241,000,000. How much greater, therefore, is the chance of economy in local costs!

A recent increase of 50 per cent in the New York State income tax to raise \$20,000,000 for unemployment relief may have seemed to a few people like adding insult to injury.

They should remember that this state levy to meet individual human distress is just less than 1 per cent of their total tax bill.

The local costs have been brought about by a complicated, inefficient, and wasteful machinery of local government. In one county alone there are 246 governmental units.

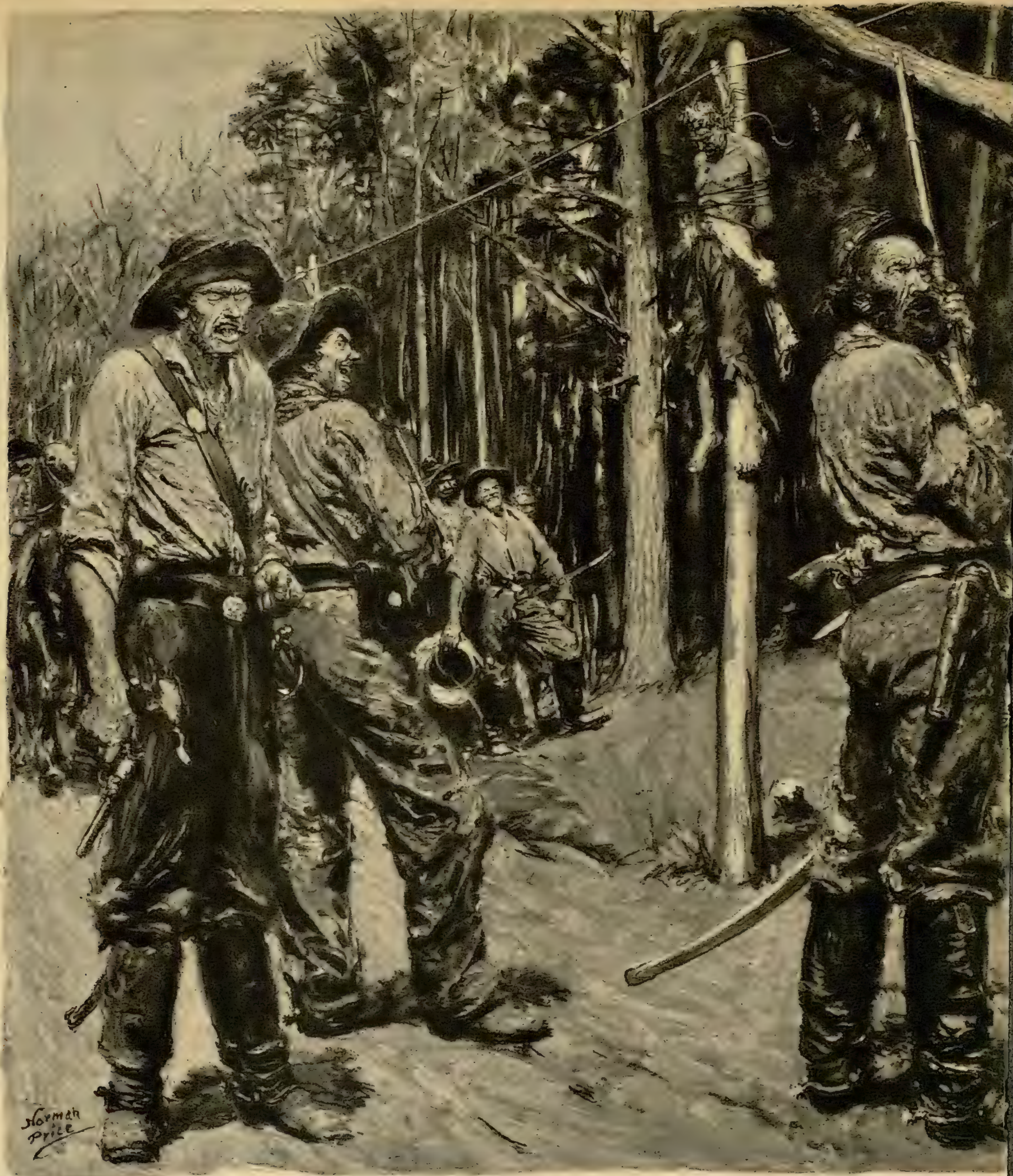
In many places in this and other states the individual citizen is being crushed under as many as eleven layers of government. Eleven sets of officials appropriate public funds, levy taxes, issue bonds—and spend our money.

The real insult and injury in the aggregate tax bill lies in the archaic forms of local governments. It is a national condition and a human problem.

This is the time, if ever, to begin in earnest the reorganization of local governments. Later I will discuss these projects.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.



There was a leaning tree just under the wire; and up and along

WHISTLING

(Reading time: 31 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love and peril during our Civil War, as told by Juan Maddox. Juan and Iris O'Brien, Federal Military Telegraph operators, worked together in the field. Juan was disturbed because Conway, a detective, had questioned Iris' loyalty, and because the girl suffered, apparently, from some secret dread which concerned her father. While hunting a broken wire Juan caught sight of a Federal officer, and with him a lad tapping a telegraph line. Realizing that something was wrong, Juan ran forward, his revolver cocked.

By **ROBERT W**

Pictures

PART NINE—KILLERS

ICAME out of the woods upon them so suddenly that their surprise was complete. The mounted officer in the blue overcoat sat stock-still on his horse, making not the slightest gesture toward his revolver.



ed trunk they ran like monkeys and fell to hacking at the wire.

CAT

HAMBERS

MAN PRICE

Caton field instrument in his lap, turned his head toward me as though startled, but gave me a singularly cool stare. I tried to keep my eyes on both of them, my revolver at a quick ready.

The young lad, seated on the grass with a

False Orders and Smooth Talk—The Clutch of Terror—Iris Tells the Truth—That Ruffian Ghooly—The Business of Murder

"Now," said I in a voice unsteady from running, "what are you about here, tapping this telegraph line?"

To my amazement, the cloaked officer laughed.

"What are *you* doing over here, Juan?" he inquired gayly, flinging back his coat.

The cavalier was Captain Stephen O'Brien.

"I suppose," he said smilingly, "we look like a pair of rebel spies. But that youngster yonder is Johnny Roque,

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[WHISTLING CAT
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one of Colonel Sharpe's bright young men. He'll tell you what he's doing. . . . Johnny, this is Operator Mad-dox of the M. T. C."

The boy on the grass said to me over his shoulder, in a singularly agreeable voice: "Line's cut somewhere to the west, sir. Federal operator at Fredericksburg trying to get cavalry headquarters at Raccoon Ford."

"Yes," said I; "but who gave you authority?"

"I was told to listen in and find out who is at Raccoon Ford—"

"I understand that! But I'm asking you who gave you a Caton instrument and authority to listen in?"

"Colonel Sharpe, sir."

"It's all quite in order, Juan!" called out Captain O'Brien, laughing.

"I suppose it is, sir," said I, "but I'm obliged to examine this young man's orders. Let me see your papers," I added, coming close to him.

He reached into his hip pocket, pulled out several soiled papers, handed them to me over his shoulder, still listening in on the wire above us.

I looked over the papers. Well, here were his name, his authority from Colonel Sharpe, his orders. But I never before had heard of a United States detective being given such latitude. I was extremely uneasy. I looked again through these dirty, tattered papers, then handed them back and stood irresolute, listening mechanically to the wire talk coming over.

Then, of a sudden, came writing I recognized with a leaping heart.

General Barnard's orders [it rattled on] to Major Beers, 50th N. Y. Engineers: Major Beers, take up your canvas pontoons and bring them and all your wood pontoons, all wagons, material, and men, to Belle Plaine, Upper Wharf; General Benham, Chief; Major Duane commanding.

You will take the most convenient southern main roads by way of Todd's Tavern and make all possible haste to report to Major Duane.

JOHN HALTON, Operator.
MAJOR GENERAL BARNARD,
U. S. Engineers.

As the message came to an end I laid my hand on the lad's shoulder. "Give me that instrument!"

He looked up at me quite calmly, even smiling faintly. "Give it to me!" I repeated. "I want to talk to that operator!"

"To General Barnard's?"

"Yes, and be quick—" I gave him a jerk aside, seized the Caton, and called, "S. R.! S. R.! Sign. 1-3-4. Sign, I tell you! 18-18! Yes, you know me, don't you? You're a fox, Ellsworth! What are you trying to do to us at Raccoon Ford? And why?"

"Clickety-click!" came the jeering writing. "Bye, baby, bye, it's all in your eye! Yours truly, Georgie! And *that's* the why!"

THAT ended it. I tried to taste something. All had fallen dead.

I turned angrily on the lad behind me. "Do you know who that was? That was George Ellsworth, the rebel operator! Maybe that will teach you that a United States detective isn't God Almighty!"

Captain O'Brien seemed to be immensely amused.

"After all, Juan," said he humorously, "the M. T. C. can't very well ignore a warrant or an order from Mr. Seward or Mr. Stanton."

"Sir," said I, "Colonel Stager tells us that both these cabinet officers override the law and the Constitution when they make a mere telegram serve as a warrant. I am told, also, that not one warrant in a hundred served by the Secret Service is legal and valid!"

O'Brien laughed so heartily that I got very hot and red with chagrin and with uncertainty as to whether I had made an ass of myself in some manner.

I said harshly to the lad beside me: "You heard what I said. Keep off this wire. And you can run to the 120th N. Y. and to Colonel Sharpe!"

"What's all this fuss, anyway, Juan?" inquired

Captain O'Brien good-humoredly, walking his horse across the road to where we stood.

"I'll tell you, captain. This Secret Service lad was talking to a rebel operator and letting false orders through, and didn't know it. That's the kind of thing that happens when Major Allen's fancy young men meddle with the M. T. Now I'm going to take this straight to Beckwith, who'll relay it to Washington, and we'll get a ruling on it before night and find out what the Secret Service can do and what it can't trifle with!"

I uncocked my revolver and shoved it angrily into the holster. Then, on a page of my notebook, I scribbled a message to Dan Harrison and handed it up to Captain O'Brien.

"Do you mind leaving it with Harrison, sir, when you go back? I've a break in the wire to find and mend, and I'd like to have Beckwith take up this matter with the War Department at once. I think Mr. Dana and Mr. Stanton will endure no interference with the M. T. C. from the talented gentlemen of the Secret Service."

To my surprise and mortification, Captain O'Brien began to laugh again. "You take your war too seriously, Juan," said he. "For the love o' good sport," said he, "take a killing game lightly. Sure, no cannon ball can hit the head of a man who laughs his own head off first!"

"SIR," said I, bewildered at his levity, "do you tell me that a rebel operator giving false orders on our wire is something to laugh at?"

"'Tis something to laugh at a blow as you fend it, too!" said he gayly. "Laugh when you parry; laugh when you thrust!" He winked merrily at Colonel Sharpe's smiling lad; turned in his saddle to wink at him once more; then touched spurs and galloped eastward in a shower of sand and gravel.

Now, sullen, uncertain, and extremely uneasy, I glared at the willowy youth who was stuffing his Caton into his saddlebag. "Are you going to leave your wire dangling?" I asked sarcastically.

"I might as well, sir, if you tell me I have no business with the line."

This mild reply disarmed me.

"Where are your quarters?" I asked.

"At Bermuda Hundred."

"Where is that?"

"The Army of the James, sir. General Butler."

"Oh. Do you know any Secret Service men out this way?"

"Some."

"Clinch Fangler?"

"Yes, sir."

"Conway?"

"Yes, sir; I know Peter Conway."

"Hardress?"

"Yes, sir."

I felt slightly ashamed of my recent rudeness and harsh speech—he was so polite, so softly civil in voice and manner and presence. And so young—a lad of school-boy age, it seemed to me—with his curly hair and unspoiled eyes, and his fair, sun-tanned skin of a girl.

"Johnny Roque," said I, "get into your saddle and go wherever you're going, but don't touch any telegraph wire until your boss and mine hear from Washington concerning this very ticklish business."

"No, sir."

He walked up to the road, leading his horse. He limped a little, as though footsore. Then he vaulted into his saddle with a light grace.

"I hope I'll see you again, Johnny," I said with involuntary warmth.

"Where will you be going, sir?" he asked, his smiling blue eyes resting on me.

"Well, I have some few repair men down the line, and I'm going to look them up," said I. "If you are in our neighborhood, let us know, Johnny Roque."

He said: "I shall see you again, sir. Very soon, I hope."

He lifted his battered slouch hat, made me a peculiarly graceful salute, and cantered off toward Wilderness Church, riding beautifully, his hat in one hand, his blond curly hair in the wind. . . .



UP this tree I went as carefully as I would have climbed a telegraph pole; and presently drew myself up out of sight from below.

When I went back to where I left Iris and the horses and mule, I saw her talking to a mounted civilian, who, when I approached through the woods, heard me coming and turned his head in my direction.

It was Conway.

Iris appeared pale and subdued, and sat her saddle rather limply, I noticed.

"Conway," said I, "do you consider a telegram from Washington a sufficient warrant of arrest? Would you

dare serve such a search warrant on an M. T. C. and demand access to the wire?"

"I might."

"Well, I'm going to find out if it's legal," said I. "I found one of our Secret Service men down the line cutting in on the wire, and he showed me his authority—a telegram from Colonel Sharpe. All the same, I made him get off the line. And what do you suppose? The

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[WHISTLING CAT
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poor fool was being bedeviled by George Ellsworth, and if I hadn't recognized that smart jumping jack's writing it would have gone on through by courier to Raccoon Ford!"

Conway's hard features became iron-grim. "Yes," said he. "Who was the dispatch for, and from whom?"

"It pretended to come from General Barnard through his Federal operator, Jack Halton, at Fredericksburg, and was addressed to Major Beers, 50th N. Y. Engineers."

"What was the order?"

"It was addressed to Major Beers and directed him to bring his pontoons and all material to Major Duane at Belle Plaine, by way of the road through Todd's Tavern."

Conway said thoughtfully: "Your friend Harrison heard this morning that the guerrillas were out in that direction."

"Of course it was something dirty," said I. "Anyway, it didn't go through. And I'm going to find the break in the line below and telegraph the whole thing to Major Duane, and then back to Jack Halton."

"Who," demanded Conway, "was this Secret Service man?"

"I don't know. He was just a lad. His name is Johnny Roque."

"I know of no such man in the Secret Service," said Conway coldly.

"John Roque," I repeated uneasily. "He had all his papers in order. . . . I don't know where in hell he learned our office signals, though."

Conway squinted intently at me and I stared at him.

"You don't suppose," said I, "that this boy was fooling me?"

"What did he look like?" growled Conway.

"Just a boy; slim, fair, curly, smiling when he spoke—had hurt his foot, I think, because he limped a trifle—"

Suddenly I *knew*. A sickening pang shot through me. Good God, what a fool! And we had been warned by headquarters, in a circular, to look out for such a lad if ever he appeared in the vicinity of a telegraph station.

"Of course," said Conway, "your boy S. S. agent was Ellsworth's mate, Colt Racker."

I could not speak for rage and shame.

"Where did he go?"

"East." With a strangled curse in my swelling throat, I swung my horse; but Conway caught him by the head savagely.

"Wait! Don't go off at half cock, Maddox. You couldn't catch that young weasel now if you had a locomotive!"

"The damnable thing," I burst out, "is that he fooled Captain O'Brien, too!"

"WHO?" demanded Conway sharply.

"I'm telling you! Captain O'Brien of the 3d Black Horse—"

"How did he come to be there?"

"I don't know—or, rather, I do know. He was riding over to inspect his troop—"

"Where?"

"At the Tavern—"

"Todd's?"

"Yes—no—I don't know where his troop is patrolling. I suppose it's near Old Wilderness Tavern," said I impatiently.

Conway said: "A Federal detective and one of our agents are watching your repair men below. They are Clinch Fangler and Secret Service Agent Hardress. . . . We're still after that leak. . . . You better tell them about Colt Racker."

"All right," said I miserably.

Conway glanced at Iris; then looked elsewhere rather

hastily. She was as white as death. Conway said carelessly: "Well, Maddox, I'll be going back to camp. I'll tell Harrison about this matter."

"Yes," said I. "And tell Captain O'Brien. He'll be as shocked as I am. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped."

"Yes," said Conway; "it'll make him sick. But it can't be helped, Maddox."

He wheeled his mount without further word or salute to us, and trotted off.

"That isn't the path," I called after him. "That road leads to Old Wilderness!"

I was certain he heard me; but he only put his scarecrow nag to a heavy gallop and continued to bounce along on the Old Wilderness road till the woods hid him from sight.

As I turned to Iris, the white terror in her face startled me. "What on earth is the matter?" I asked.

"Juan, I've got to speak to my father!"

I merely stared at her.

"Will you wait here for me, Juan?" she begged. "I have got to see him for a moment. I *must*!"

BEFORE I could speak or stir, she suddenly spurred her nervous horse, which leaped like a scared deer and was on the plank road in a quivering bound or two.

My shouting voice died in my throat. She was already out of hearing amid a driving storm of dust which hung there in the hot sunshine long after the frantic gallop of her horse had died away in the forest silence, leaving me dumb and astounded.

Again the nascent doubt of this girl's loyalty assailed me, and became a chill and living fear.

As I sat on my horse, beset, entangled in somber anxieties and uncertainties, one of my repair men came galloping up the road to report the break discovered and the wire mended at a place a mile below, where a little brook crossed the plank road.

"The men are coming back, sir," said he, "and will follow the western wood road back to camp, if they have your orders."

"Was the wire cut?"

"Yes, sir; it certainly had been slashed through. Looked like saber work to us."

"Did you see any of our cavalry patrols?"

"Two of Captain O'Brien's troopers in the woods, sergeant. They just rode up and looked at us and rode away."

"Fine patrolling! All right, then—" I scribbled an order in my notebook, tore out the sheet, and gave it to him.

"Did you see two of our S. S. men there?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir; Fangler and Hardress. They're returning to camp with us."

I waved him away. "Tell Operator Harrison that Operator O'Brien and I will ride back along the Tavern road!" I called after him.

So he galloped off down the plank road, and I began to walk my horse to and fro along the forest trail.

I heard a horse coming, hard ridden through the sparse, tender-leaved underbrush.

Presently I saw her, galloping her horse hard; and when she pulled in beside me the bewilderment and misery in her face appalled me.

"Iris," said I, taking hold of her trembling hands, "you'd better tell me what all this trouble is. Because you once said to me that you and I together could face anything."

"I—I don't *know* what it is," she stammered. "I'm just afraid. . . . And half crazy!"

"Did you find your father?"

"No. His troop was there—Troop B. And Lieutenant Farrelly told me that father had just been detailed to the staff of General Wilson as judge advocate."

"He said nothing about it to me," I remarked.



Conway's features became iron-grim.

"No. Farrelly told me that a staff officer from General Devin had arrived with the order a few minutes before I reached there; and that father had left at once, riding toward Chancellor's to report to Colonel O'Hara, who had gone there with a wing of the regiment."

I still held Iris by her limp hands; and now I drew her a little toward me from her reeking saddle, and passed one arm around her.

"Listen," said I. "We are only boy and girl yet, Iris; but a boy and girl of our ages are old enough to care very deeply for each other. . . . And I do, for you—whatever you call it. Don't you know it?"

"Yes," she said, very pale; "it's really love, Juan."

"Well—whatever it is, it's there. . . . I thought I'd tell you. . . . When we're old enough, there won't be any other girl—as far as I'm concerned."

"I know, darling. . . . Nor any other man for me. . . . Ever! . . . I do love you. . . . But, oh, Juan, I am frightfully unhappy—"

She began to weep silently, leaning a little against me from her saddle. And with my knee I moved my horse closer and drew her head down on my shoulder, where it drooped, bowed in the ruddy glory of her disheveled hair.

"Oh, Juan! I think I'd better tell you—because if you love me you will be kind—"

"Always, dear."

"Yes—oh, thank you, darling. . . . It's been awful! . . . In the beginning—when he first disappeared—"

"Who?"

"Father. Don't you understand? When war came—maybe you and your mother didn't know how deeply he felt. But I did. Oh, indeed I knew! . . . I didn't blame him. . . . Have you any idea how passionately I adore my daddy, Juan?"

"I've thought you did. But recently—"

"I've never changed! It's been fear—deathly fear! We've always remained in communication. I couldn't tell you. . . . And just at first, when we went to New York—you know, that time I saw you at West Point?—well, then and for a little while after I took it for granted that—that all was—was well with him. Then—after a while—I—I found out that—that father never had—changed."

SUDDENLY and with frightful clarity the situation was revealed to me.

"Good God!" said I. "Is he faithful to the South? And in our service—wearing the blue!"

"Utterly, madly devoted, soul and body, to the South. And is serving her with a rope around his throat. And happy to do it! And p-proud—"

She sobbed quietly for a few moments, then mastered her woe.

"The terror of it to me!" she whispered. "You'll never comprehend it, Juan. My own father! An agent in the Secret Service of the Confederacy. . . . Conway . . . now—oh, Juan!—I believe, for the first time, that man begins to suspect father—after what you told him had happened on the plank road."

This was ghastly. Something had to be done quickly. No sane human creature could expect a child to betray its own flesh and blood to the gallows—oath or no oath.

"I've begged him to leave!" she sobbed. "I've prayed

him to resign and make his way south. But I can't force him to go. Of course, he is safe as far as I am concerned. But, Juan, I've thought and thought, and prayed God for aid; and I see a way. Father has no idea that you are in love with me. He supposes that he is nothing to you—nothing to consider if you discover what he is doing in this army. He could not doubt that you would do your duty. And at a hint from you he will resign and go. . . . He *must*! That is the only way to save him, darling. And

the only one who can do this act of mercy for him and for me is—is you—Juan—my darling—"

She broke down utterly and her tears fell on our desperately interlocked fingers.

"**A**LL right," said I. "I've got to have leave for a day to get to General Devin. I could ride there in six hours if you and Dan Harrison arrange to care for our station."

"I'd work till I fell dead at the key!" she wailed. "I'm horribly afraid of Conway. Oh, you must be careful, too, Juan, because that man would arrest

you in a moment if he thought that there were any secret understanding between you and father and me."

"Yes," said I, "he would."

By this time my repair gang should have started toward camp. As their route lay for some distance along the plank road, I told Iris we had better ride that way and meet them—a measure of self-protection we ought not to overlook. And also I wanted to take a look at the mended wire and come to my own conclusion concerning the people who had damaged the line. So we rode out to the plank road and galloped down it through dust and blazing sunshine. But I saw none of Captain O'Brien's patrols, and it was becoming fearfully plain to me that he had deliberately left the line unguarded.

It was about twenty minutes later when we came to the curve where the plank road runs straight away for two miles or more. And there we saw a great cloud of dust, and heard gunshots, and caught the veiled glitter of naked sabers where horsemen were fighting furiously.

"Get off the road. Quick!" I said to Iris; and we turned our horses hastily down across the swampy gully and forced them on into a heavy jungle around one of the evil-looking little ponds that lay everywhere in these woodland regions.

"What is it?" she breathed.

"Horsemen are fighting down the road. I have no idea who they are. Hold my horse; don't stir till I return."

"Oh, please don't go there!"

"I've got to find out what's going on. I hope my few men are not involved—"

"It may be guerrillas," she whispered. "You can't do any good by going there. Oh, Juan! You know what Gholson Ghooly does to unarmed telegraphers!"

"I tell you, I've got to discover whether we can get out of this. Do as I say and wait for me!"

I got off my horse, thrust the bridle into her hand, and made my way forward as rapidly as I could through the tangle.

I could hear no more rifle firing; but after a while I became aware of a distant confused noise of human voices, accented now and then by a yell or a pistol shot.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



I saw her talking to a mounted civilian who heard me coming and turned his head.

[WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page sixty-three]

I had my lineman's climbing irons in my pockets. Now I crouched low, adjusted and strapped them tightly over my spurred boots; then, looking up, selected a tall, slim forest oak heavily crowned above its gaunt, limbless trunk.

Up this tree I went as carefully and steadily as I would have climbed a telegraph pole; and presently came among thick leaves, where I drew myself up out of sight from below.

Not far away, just outside the edge of the woods, in a glare of sunshine, ran the plank road; and along it, yelling, cursing, laughing, crowded hundreds of motley horsemen trying to form a column of fours.

Then, my eyes searching fearfully hither and thither, I saw a dead horse in the ditch and another sprawling dead at the foot of a pine. A human leg in spurred boot and blue breeches stuck up stiffly from under one of the dead horses; and a blue cavalryman lay dead beside the other.

And now the tragic view widened as I parted the clustering oak leaves to my right. There lay our dead mule with his packsaddle, the reel of wire in a tangle near by. There lay my two poor linemen and both orderlies, dead and horribly mutilated, and stripped of clothing and boots.

But what was more ghastly still were the half-naked corpses of the two Federal Secret Service men, Hardress and Fangler. They were hanging by their necks from two telegraph poles, noosed and triced with twisted telegraph wire which bit deep into their naked, swollen bodies and nearly severed their swollen, purple heads.

One huge, hulking fellow in butternut and dirty dotted blue shirt was giving orders now and then and chewing and spitting continually.

His belt was crammed with knives and pistols; he carried one of our Spencer rifles, and had now also possessed himself of one of our poor troopers' sabers. I thought it likely that this ruffian was Gholson Ghooly.

This creature ordered two of his men to take one of the captured sabers and climb a telegraph pole. But they discovered a better way than that to disable the line. There was a leaning tree, tilted and partly uprooted, just under the wire; and up and along the inclined trunk they ran like monkeys and fell to hacking at the wire, taking turns with the saber, until it suddenly parted, whipped back right and left, and hung quivering from the two poles.

Then the belted beast set a wooden whistle to his thick, bearded lips, and blew shrilly; and all the ragged riders who had not yet got to horse did.

IF they rode as they were headed, in careless column of fours, they were certain to cut us off from our camp. The intensity of my suspense became almost unendurable.

I counted nearly two hundred of them. They moved away at a walk.

I waited till the last four horsemen had ridden by. Then I crawled out of the oak's thick top, let myself down, and, arriving safely at the foot of the tree, crept through brush and weeds and peered out after the distantly moving column.

About half a mile down the road they halted; and once more two men ascended a tilted tree, the top of which had been shorn away by our linemen to allow their wire to be strung without interference.

Although I could not actually see them at work, I caught the glitter of their sabers, and the rest was easy to guess.

Then the column moved on for about half a mile more, and presently turned northward.

When the last horsemen had trotted into the forest, I turned and ran back through the woods parallel with the plank road until I came to the jungle growth on the left, in the depths of which I had left Iris and our horses. I called cautiously. She answered.

She was pale but perfectly calm when I appeared and instantly mounted my horse.

"You haven't your Caton field instrument in your saddlebag, have you?" I demanded.

"No. But you have yours, haven't you?"

"No," I said. "Clancy packed it in the saddle flap on the led mule. The guerrillas took the saddle."

"Where is the mule?"

I said quietly: "Ghooly and some two hundred of his ragamuffins caught our men about two hours ago. Our men and animals are dead. Ghooly has ridden obliquely across our road toward our camp. I think he means to raid Harrison and our station and maybe beat up O'Hara's camp tonight. If I had an instrument I could telegraph for help."

"Is the wire working?"

"No. They cut it where they—where they killed our people. They cut it again farther along—about half a mile farther."

"Have you any wire in your pockets, Juan?"

"I have about three feet. . . . But the reel of wire lay near the dead pack mule. I didn't see them take it."

SHE said calmly: "Let us ride there and do what can be done."

"We've got to get out of this, for your sake!" I blurted out—and could not keep my voice from shaking with the dreadful fear I felt for her.

"I'm not afraid of anything," she said in a guarded but cheerful tone.

"You must be prepared to see a shocking sight, Iris."

"I am prepared."

We urged our horses through the tangle into more open woods, and rode cautiously on, parallel with the blaze of sunshine which marked the plank road.

Riding ahead, I presently recognized the tall, thin oak I had climbed; and very soon we saw the nasty debris of the murderous struggle—the dead horses and the mule; the half-stripped and mangled men, cut to pieces and riddled with bullets and buckshot.

I hoped she wouldn't notice the two hanged men, but I heard her give a quick involuntary gasp, and knew she had seen them.

The miserable bandits had taken the reel of wire. Not a strand remained near the dead mule. And I had no more than three feet of it in my pocket.

Still, I had that much; and very soon I had climbed the sloping tree, gathered and pulled together the two ends of the severed wire, and had spliced them with what I had, leaving a spare sixteen inches for the other break farther along.

Because I now knew what Iris was intending to do; and with this break repaired it was possible to use the two severed ends of the other break to signal with.

We got back into our saddles and pushed on.

When I judged we had covered half a mile, we dismounted, tied our horses, and crept to the woods' bushy fringe. We had

guessed rightly: the severed wires dangled from two poles a few yards ahead.

Then Iris, crouching low and advancing along the grassy ditch, took one of the wires in her gloved hand; and I went forward and brought back the other end of the wire.

"Will you do it?" I asked.

She nodded; took the two ends of the wire, and, in the Morse code, made contact, broke it, touched, severed—delicately manipulating with deft and steady fingers, and reciting aloud what she was sending, because I could not read such swift and soundless writing either by eye or ear:

"F. L. F. L. F. L. This is a Federal operator signaling with severed wires on the military line five miles southwest of Old Wilderness. F. L. F. L. F. L. I am trying to signal General Kenner Garrard's operator at division headquarters below Resaca. I have no instrument. Am using severed wires. Attention, Raccoon Ford Station, Chancellor's, Resaca, Germania, North Anna, all Rapidan and Rappahannock stations, Culpeper, Brandywine!

"Gholson Ghooly's guerrillas have just cut this wire,



after attacking and murdering a repair party of two laborers, two orderlies, two cavalymen of the 3d N. Y. Black Horse, Colonel O'Hara; and two United States Secret Service agents, Fangler and Hardress, whom they have hanged to telegraph poles.

"The repair party was under orders of Operators Maddox and O'Brien, who are now on the Orange plank road sending this dispatch, and are in need of immediate help, as the guerrillas are in the woods between us and our camp and Colonel O'Hara's camp.

"If anybody receives this appeal, please signal, as I think we can manage to understand."

I stared at Iris in astonishment. "Good God!" said I bitterly. "That's the tragedy of it! How can we know whether anybody has received your message? How on earth can we get a reply—"

"Hush, darling; I think we can. Come here quickly; take these wires in your fingers—"

"One moment," said I; "let me try the H. Q. office call."

I took the wires and, touching the ends, telegraphed the M. C. and H. Q. office call.

"M. C.! M. C.!" I telegraphed. "Operators in danger on Orange road. Send company of cavalry!"

Then Iris took the two ends of the wire and, thrusting out her tongue, held one end above and the other under her tongue, pressing them deep, then released them.

"Hold them that way," she said to me. . . . "Try not to hurt me, darling—" And again she thrust out her tongue and I gently pressed the two ends of the wire into it.

INSTANTLY the electric pulsations gave to her tongue a vibratory movement like a telegraph armature. I could read the involuntary oscillations of her little pink tongue as easily as I could have read my own magnet.

"Help coming. Keep up courage. Help coming. Keep up courage!" came the message. "Cavalry ordered to take care of guerrillas. Am alarming all neighboring stations—" The girl began to choke, and I snatched away the wires, while the poor child gasped and coughed.

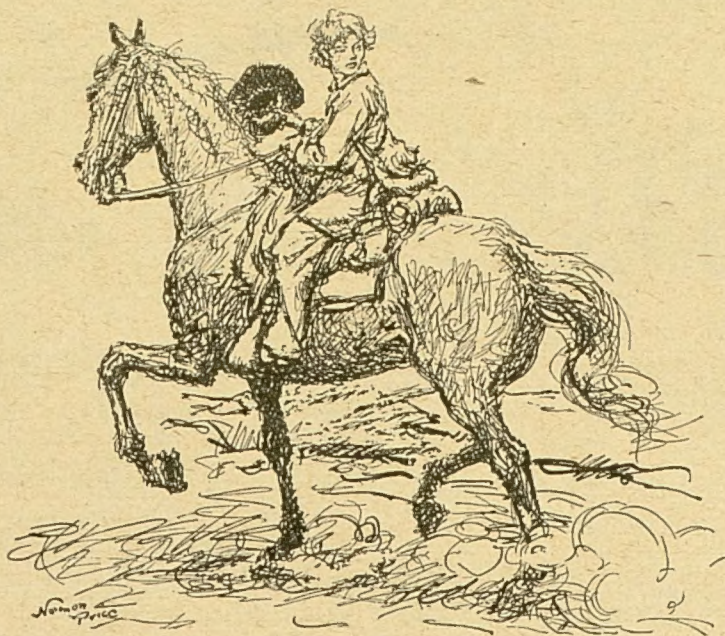
"You're the most wonderful girl in the world," said I.

We led our horses back the way we had come and deep into the bushy obscurity screening the little evil-looking pond. And, as we came into the thicket, I clutched Iris' arm and halted her.

Two men came through the bushes at the farther end of the pond and, squatting down, began to wash their

hands and faces. Our horses pricked up their ears. I dared not back them away. If they snorted we were done for.

Presently one of the men lifted his head and looked directly at the bushes behind which we stood. Whether he could see us or our horses I could not determine. For nearly a minute, squatting by the pond's edge, he remained motionless, looking intently in our direction.



"I shall see you again, sir. Very soon, I hope."

not blow his head off, so close to us was he. But, in the very act of firing, he called to me by name, and I recognized Gilfred Spurlock. Bareheaded, sunburned and dirty, the youthful spy cocked the heavy squirrel rifle he was carrying, his eyes fixed on the thicket behind us. "Bide hyar, suh," he whispered, crouching behind a tree. "I war trackin' them, an' hyar they be, an' they-all can't git shet o' me no mo'!"

Iris took my horse and her own with her left hand, and with her right slid her revolver from the holster and cocked it. "I'm all ready, Juan," she said. "I can see one of them in the bushes. Shall I fire?"

"No. Hold your fire till they rush us—"

"Thar they come!" exclaimed the boy hoarsely.

"How many?"

"Reckon thar's three mo' grillas 'long o' this hyar Ghooly, acreepin' an' acrawlin' out yander."

"Is that Gholson Ghooly—the big one?"

"Reckon hit air, suh. He-all done kill maw 'n' the hull kit' 'n' kin o' Spurlock folk! Hyar they come! Be yuh ready?" The rifle was quivering in his hands.

"All ready, Gilfred. Keep cool; you can't miss. Shoot the man on your left—"

Can Juan, Iris, and Gilfred survive their fight with men more savage than beasts? In next week's installment you'll watch a struggle that only death can end.

Second of a Series of Yardleygrams

By Herbert O. Yardley

Author of "The American Black Chamber"

LEONARD RUSSELL was studying cryptography under Allan Crossle, cipher wizard, chemist, and ex-member of the American Black Chamber. As the first problem Russell solved the secret-ink cipher message discovered by ultra-violet rays on the chemise of Marion Graham, German spy, as she crossed the Rio Grande. The solution, Destroy Panama Canal, he solved by taking each cipher letter and continuing the alphabet in vertical columns:

BCQRPWNLYKYAYLYJ (cipher)
c d r s q n x o z m z l z b z m z k
d e s t r o y p a n a m a c a n a l (message)

"In Washington Miss Graham moved from one hotel to another," Crossle began, continuing his cryptogram spy story, "under different aliases. Finally confident that she was unobserved, she remained at the Oban Hotel,

registering under the alias Marion Henderson. The next day she mailed a letter to a secret cover address. We intercepted and carefully opened it. The letter itself, signed Marion Henderson, was innocent enough, but by the iodine vapor test we found secret writing on the flap of the envelope. We then restored the secret-ink writing, erased all traces of our labor, resealed and mailed the letter. The secret message we found was in cipher. It read, CDZQD RSGNS DKN AZ MRZST QCZXG LJGDC GLBCY RFYJU YWQRF GLCMU L."

"How shall I solve this?" Leonard asked.

"Proceed as you did in the first problem," the master informed him, turning to his strange test tubes and varicolored chemicals. "But keep in mind that the words may appear in different lines."

(The solution will appear in next week's Liberty.)



By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and
descendant of the first czar of Russia

match natural blonde
hair). Or you have

(Reading time:
4 min. 55 sec.)

THE severest critic of small-town life in America has revised some of his judgments. Sinclair Lewis now takes off his hat to Main Street.

He takes off his hat to the way Main Street has behaved through depression. This is what he told me the other day:

"I don't hear anyone bellyaching about hard times up in Vermont, where I now live. Depression has hit the people up there hard enough to make them squeal, but they don't do it. The only bellyaching I hear comes from the big cities."



U. & U. photo
Sinclair Lewis

Mr. Lewis is ten years older than he was when he wrote his famous book about Main Street. And Main Street is ten years older, too.

I asked him what changes he believes the past decade has wrought. He said:

"Ten years ago very few small-town people thought of packing the family into a car and going off to spend the winter in California. Now that is quite a usual thing among Main Street's retired business men."

"The almost universal ownership of automobiles has ended the isolation of the small town. The radio, the moving picture, and the five-cent magazine have helped. Main Street is no longer isolated, as it was when I first wrote about it."

After much European travel, Mr. Lewis seems to have taken root again—in rural America. He loves his Vermont farm; and most especially, he says, he loves the quiet country evenings under the summer stars, when he sits on his porch and thinks.

His porch-thinking, up there in Vermont, appears to have brought Mr. Lewis to some strange conclusions.

"Integrity is the finest quality any woman can possess," he told me. "That means being utterly and entirely herself."

"Swell," said I. "Suppose she's a born liar."

"Then she ought to lie all the time," Mr. Lewis declared. "There is nothing worse than a woman who lies half the time, or three-quarters of the time. You never know where you are with her."

HOLLYWOOD'S rage for platinum blondes is spreading. Are the hairdressers pleased? They are not. Not the conscientious ones. They say the platinumizing process makes hair brittle, makes it break off short—and then they get the blame.

A famous coiffeur said to me:

"Women are often foolish about their hair. Instead of trying seriously to find the right way of wearing the hair nature gave them, they prefer the risk of strong bleaches like the platinum process, or they dye or tint their hair."

"Take dark hair: There is *blonde dark*, with yellow lights, and *brunette dark*, with reddish lights.

"And the skin always matches!"

"You understand? You have light skin tones (to

umber (brownish) skin—to match brunette hair.

"Now, supposing you are natural brunette—hair and skin. You bleach your hair. You make yourself a platinum blonde. How do you think that pale hair goes with your brownish skin? Terrible!"

Monsieur the hairdresser, a Frenchman, stated his disapproval with characteristic emphasis:

"You look dirty! Your skin looks gray—horrible! Ladies should study themselves—and listen to a good hairdresser—like me. Yes, madame. Now I tell you how to wear hair:

"Fluffy styles for light hair, and for gray hair perhaps. Dark hair should be worn close to the head, or you look topheavy. Possibly a few curls. But *never* should dark hair be fluffed or frizzed—or 'wind-blown.'"

To this professional advice let me add a practical hint for the brunette who is trying to keep her hair from becoming too dark. This suggestion comes from the Russian coiffeurs:

Buy 1 pound of dried hops. Ordinary hops; the kind beer is made of. Put in a heavy saucepan. Add 1 quart water. Close the pan tight and simmer very slowly for three hours. Drain through cheesecloth, cool, and use as a *last rinse* when you wash your hair.

"WHITE-COLLAR" women doing educational work, library work, work connected with food, housing, home economics, philanthropy, and government service—women engaged in these activities have suffered less unemployment than any other class.

That is one of the many interesting facts revealed by a survey conducted recently by the American Woman's Association.

The most important fact brought out seemed to be the fact that women who earn good salaries have a period of about ten years, between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, when they are reasonably sure of well paid employment.

Before and after that ten-year period the risks of unemployment and insufficient pay are greater.

How many of us, I wonder, use the earning power of those ten years to provide ourselves with savings for a secure future?

Do you recall the fable of the grasshopper that chirped the summer away, then found herself without shelter or food when winter came?

Having good times is all very well—but don't forget that fable.

H. G. WELLS has just got another weighty but extremely interesting load off his chest.

He calls this new book of his *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*. In two volumes it explains, with pictures, how and why we all do most of the things we do. I like particularly Mr. Wells' shrewd illumination of the human instincts behind Communism and other modern trends. He gives credit where credit is due, and reveals the shams. A book to be read by everyone interested in life and life's problems today. (Doubleday, Doran.)

**"PAY 50¢
for a tooth paste?"**

**.. not me!
I KNOW
BETTER"**



**That
\$3 you save
buys any of these**

CLOTHES

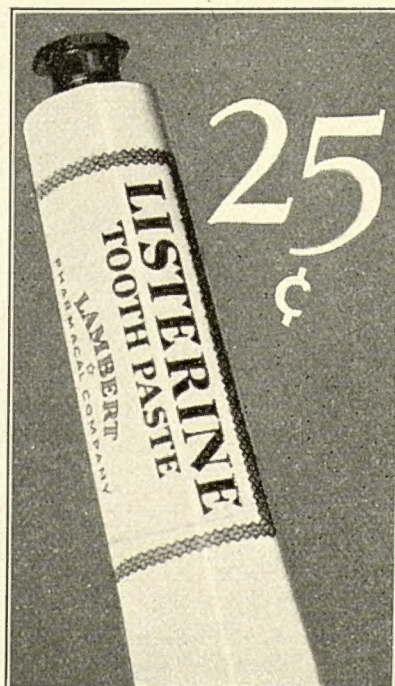
Handkerchiefs, hose, or hat
Sweater, gloves, or knickers
Pyjamas, or underwear
Bathrobe, or raincoat
Collars, or muffler
Sneakers, or moccasins
House slippers, or shoes
Rubbers, or galoshes
Belt, suspenders, and
garters (all 3)
Overalls or lumber jacket
One or two dress shirts
Neckties, shirts, or cuff links

FOR THE CAR

Spark plugs, tire chains,
or jack
Spotlight, or tail and stop
light
A horn, or brake bands
Auto clock, or inner tube
20 gallons of gasoline
3 gallons of oil

SMOKING ARTICLES

Cigarette case, or lighter
One to six pipes
Good tobacco pouch
30 packages cigarettes
30 packages tobacco
60 cigars



"I paid that for years—thought I had to in order to have nice teeth.

"But I don't pay that much now. Maybe I ought to thank the depression for a small but worthwhile lesson in economy—and for a real revelation in value.

"It occurred to me one day that all tooth pastes are pretty much alike, in the results they accomplished. If that was so, what was the use of paying 50¢ or more. That reasoning led me to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. Been using it right along now, and figure I save myself about \$3 a year. What's more, my teeth look cleaner and whiter than ever, and my mouth feels simply great!"

Quick, Safe Cleansing

That's the way a lot of men and women talk. Actually, more than four million people have rejected costly dentifrices for this modern one which sells for 25¢ the large tube. And while the price has been a consideration, the deciding factor in their selection was the outstanding quality of this tooth paste and the remarkable results achieved by it.

If you aren't already using Listerine Tooth Paste, do so at the first opportunity.

Erases Discolorations

See how teeth gleam. Note how swiftly but how gently it erases discolorations and tartar. How lustrous it leaves the teeth. Contained in it are new polishing and cleansing agents. They are harder than tartar and so remove it. But they are softer than enamel and consequently do not hurt it.

We are willing to wager that once you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will not return to soapy, gritty, or prettily colored dentifrices which cost more, but accomplish no more. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A tonic for your teeth... A pal to your pocketbook

“That bully old slogan hits me just right—



...no bamboozlin' about that!”

SURE! When a word fits, you know it! “Satisfy” just *fits* CHESTERFIELD. A smoker picks up a package, and he likes its neat appearance—moisture-tight but easy to open. *That* satisfies him.

Then he examines a Chesterfield. It is well-filled; it is neat in appearance; the paper is pure white. And that satisfies him.

He lights up. At the very first puff he likes the flavor and the rich aroma. He decides that it *tastes better*—neither raw nor over-sweet; just

pleasing and satisfying . . . Then he learns it is milder. That’s another way of saying that there is nothing irritating about it . . . And again he’s *satisfied*!

Satisfy—they’ve *got* to satisfy! The right tobaccos, the CHESTERFIELD kind, cured and aged, blended and cross-blended, to a *taste* that’s right. Everything that goes into CHESTERFIELD is the best that money can buy and that science knows about. CHESTERFIELDS do a *complete* job of it. *They Satisfy!*

